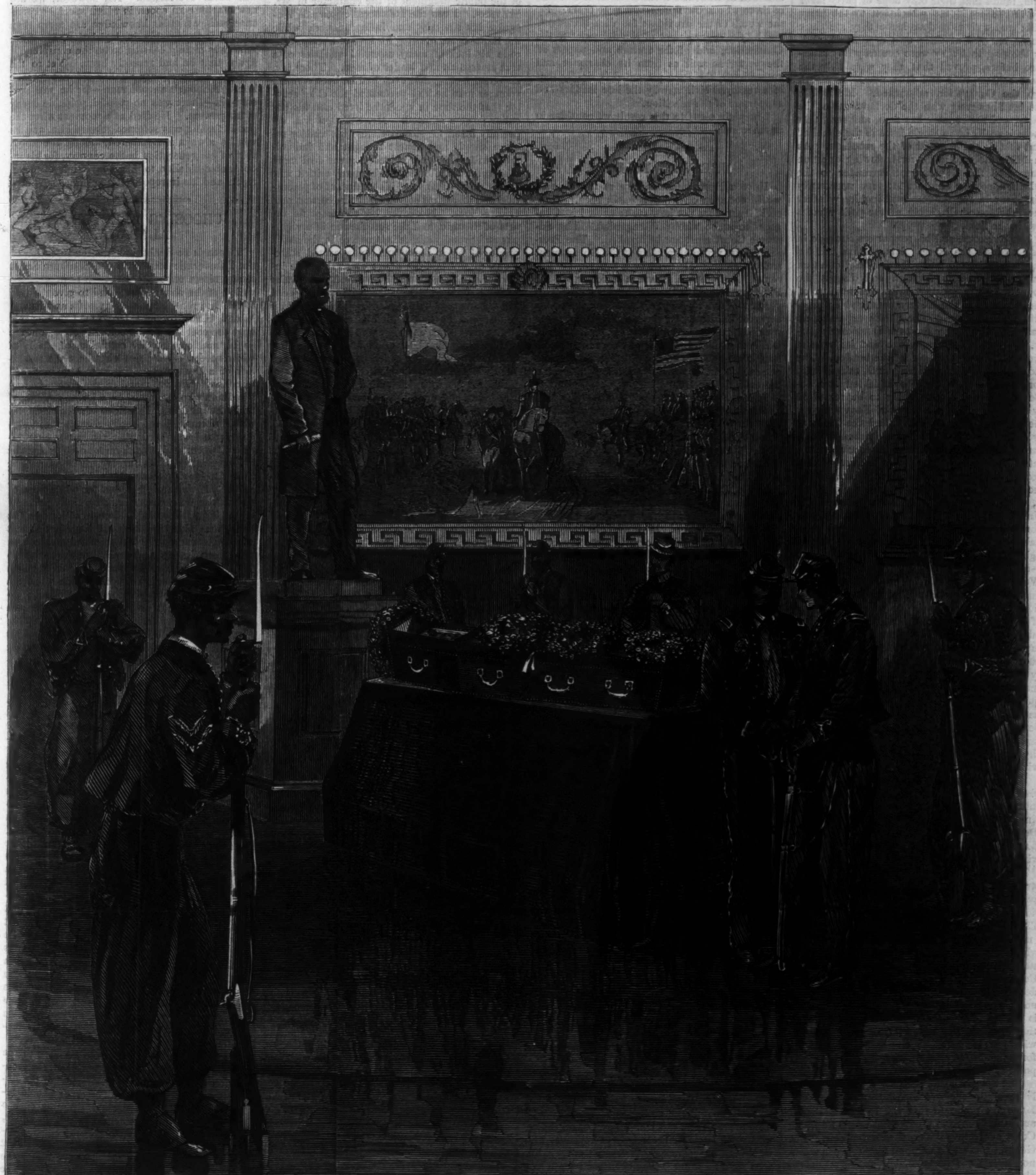
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XII.—No. 609.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1868, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.



THE BODY OF THADDEUS STEVENS LYING IN STATE AT THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.—Photographed by Brady, Washington.—[See Page 548.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1868.

THE PLAIN PERIL.

IT is a little more than a month since the Democratic nominations were made. The Convention declared for repudiation, and asserted that the Reconstruction acts were revolutionary and void. It nominated for President a bitter opponent of the war, and for Vice-President a man who held that it was the duty of the Executive to promote union by "trampling into dust the usurpations of Congress." It then adjourned. Its leading members instantly took the stump, and explained the purposes of the party, and the Democratic newspapers every where swelled the chorus. Those which had hoped that time and events would have taught the party caution at least, if not wisdom, found that their only hope of party favor lay in the promptest submission to the party will; and with ridiculous haste they ate their words, sneered at their own arguments, and, by showing that they were contemptibly insincere before, proved that they were only the more contemptible and false now. A month ago the Convention adjourned. Meanwhile the land has rung with the declarations of the party, and the country has seen, and sees, that there is really but a single issue in the election, and that is the renewal of the rebellion. As in 1864, the sole and overshadowing question was, shall the Government surrender to the rebellion, so now all other interests necessarily disappear in the fundamental inquiry whether the rebellion shall regain at the polls what it lost in the field.

Mr. SEYMOUR and his supporters struggle in vain to hide the issue. His orators and his papers attempt to make the financial question paramount, and to frighten and disgust the country by the grossest misrepresentation of the expenses of the Government, and by magnifying corruption. The public expenses, no one denies, are large, and the Democratic party, from which the rebellion and its support proceeded, is responsible for the burden. The Administration is, at some points, tainted with corruption—a fault to be admitted and deplored, but not a fault likely to be remedied by intrusting it to the party of FLOYD, COBB, the New York municipality, and the Tammany ring. But these questions, although ordinarily of the highest importance, are, in the nature of things, secondary to the reconstruction of the Union. So long as the integrity of the nation is in debate, so long as the problem is, whether the friends or the enemies of the Union shall control the Government, all economical questions within the Union are inevitably postponed. The public burden can be lightened—that is, taxation can be diminished—only as the wealth of the country increases. Wealth increases only by production, and industry and enterprise are essential to production. But confidence is the cardinal condition of steady industry; and until confidence is established there will be neither a movement of capital into the disordered States, nor continuous and sufficient labor. The Republican party has taken the great, primary steps toward the pacification upon which peace and consequent confidence depend. The Democratic party proposes to undo every thing that has been done; to exasperate the hostility of race, and to give, by force, the disordered States into the hands of those who hate the Union, and burn with the desire of revenge.

The Democratic policy is necessarily one of civil war. It does not propose a peaceful solution of any difficulty. And that this is distinctly understood is evident. Just before the Democratic Convention assembled Mr. C. C. LANGDON, a delegate from Alabama, wrote, with an instinctive knowledge of his party: "The Democratic doctrine is, that the reconstruction measures of the present Congress, and every thing done under them, are unconstitutional, and, of course, absolutely null and void. This declaration, I take it, will constitute the main plank in the Democratic platform, and whoever is nominated must pledge himself to stand by it and enforce it. That the Supreme Court will eventually (probably at its next term) decide all these acts to be unconstitutional is now universally conceded. Then all we want is a President whose views are in accord with that decision, and who has the nerve and the will to do his duty. It will be his duty to enforce the decree of the Court, if need be, at the point of the bayonet."

But the party was riper for a more decidedly revolutionary and anarchical policy. Mr. LANGDON proposed that the President should act in deference to a judgment of the Supreme Court overruling the reconstruction acts. But General FRANK BLAIR went further. He would not wait for any judicial decision. Let the election itself decide, cried he. Let it be understood that the question which we submit at the election is whether the new State governments shall be overthrown by force, and the election of the Democratic candidates will be the President's warrant. "There is but one way," wrote General BLAIR, and for saying so he was nominated—"there is but one way to restore the Government and the Constitution, and that is for the President elect to declare these acts null and void, compel the army to undo its usurpations at the South, disperse the carpet-bag State governments, allow the white people to reorganize their own governments, and elect Senators and Representatives."

This is the acknowledged and accepted policy of the party. That portion which, just before the nomination of General BLAIR upon this declaration, admitted that the new State governments had been recognized by Congress, and that consequently, according to the decision of the Supreme Court, there was no other lawful method of changing them than that provided by their constitutions, now assert that the election will decide whether those governments are to stand or to be overthrown, as General BLAIR says, by force. Indeed, if overthrown at all, it can only be by force; for it is not conceivable that, in several of the States, half the inhabitants will disfranchise themselves for the benefit of those who avow their hostility to them. By the words of the candidate for Vice-President, and by the eager assent of the delegates to the Convention, and of the orators and papers of the party, as well as from its character and antecedents, the issue presented is simply that of a renewed civil war by the late leaders and supporters of the rebellion.

The plain steps to this result we consider in another article.

THE WAY TO WAR.

How a Democratic success at the election would occasion civil war is easily seen. General BLAIR does not hesitate to avow it. Congress must be wholly disregarded. The Supreme Court must not be invoked. The President must usurp all powers of the Government and act alone. He must be a CÆSAR. "Because," says General BLAIR in his letter, "if the President elected by the Democracy enforces, or permits others to enforce, these Reconstruction acts, the Radicals, by the accession of twenty spurious Senators and fifty Representatives, will control both branches of Congress, and his administration will be as powerless as the present one of Mr. JOHNSON." Force is, therefore, the only alternative.

If Mr. SEYMOUR be elected, after this loud and reiterated declaration by his party that his election will mean forcible overthrow of the present State governments in the Southern States, the result is evident. He would officially declare those Governments void. He would then be impeached and probably convicted. But the Democratic party, victorious at the polls, with the whole rebel force jubilant and ready, would dispute the sentence, and rise against its execution. Meanwhile in the Southern States, the new Democratic State organizations summoned by the President would be formed. They would dispute the State authority with the present incumbents. The President would recognize the new claimants and order the army to their support, and to "trample in the dust" the others. They in turn would appeal to Congress, already engaged in conflict with the President. Meanwhile the Representatives and Senators sent from the new State organizations would arrive in Washington, and in concert with the other Democratic members would be recognized as Congress by the President. But, indeed, long before this event civil war would be ravaging the country, and WADE HAMPTON, and ROBERT TOOMBS, and HOWELL COBB, and the old rebel chiefs who say with ALBERT PIKE, "We do not love and will not pretend to love that Union, though we have agreed to obey the laws of the conqueror," would gladly behold in a desolating war and a ruined republic the fullness of their revenge.

This is the real issue. It can not be denied, for the Democratic party exultingly declares it. It can not be evaded, for the experience of the last few years has taught us that we have as desperate and dangerous elements as any country at any time. It is the relapse of the rebellion, and a relapse of disease is often fiercer than its original attack. There was never a moment when the utmost effort of every faithful citizen was more indispensable than now to the salvation of the country. On the one hand is General GRANT, with his moderation, his firmness, his tried patriotism, his singular sagacity, his signal illustration of the finest qualities of the intelligent American; and with him SCHUYLER COLFAX, who has never said a word or done an act that can inspire the least distrust, and who is in full accord with the best and most peaceful and progressive tendencies of the country. They are the candidates of those who would do the best that the circumstances allow; who would reconstruct the Union upon equal rights, who would neither ostracize nor revenge, who would not exasperate the jealousies of race, but who would neither betray the tried friends nor the pledged faith of the country. They are the candidates of the great body of citizens of proved patriotism, intelligence, industry, and of a peaceful mind obedient to law. On the other hand is Mr. SEYMOUR, a plausible politician, for whose success the rebels in arms prayed four years ago; who preferred that the Union should perish rather than slavery, and who declared the success of the Government to be as revolutionary as that of the rebellion. With him is General BLAIR, whose remedy for the situation is the naked sword. They are the candidates of all who hate the Union and who sought and seek its dishonor; of those who thought the war a crime, and demanded that the Government should yield to the rebellion; of those who would break the public word to the public creditor; of those who would put the late slave, always loyal, under the feet of his always rebel master; the candidates of the ignorant and lawless every where in the land.

Let every man be alert. There is no doubt of the issue or of the candidates. And when once they are understood there is no doubt of the country and of the result.

THADDEUS STEVENS.

THERE is great unanimity in the expression of the public judgment of the character of Mr. STEVENS. Even the Democratic journals recognize his sincerity and independence; while the Republican, praising his love of liberty, concede his lack of many essential qualities of a true statesman and leader of men. There is a universal feeling that even had he been a much younger man he had performed the chief service that the time in which he lived and his peculiar powers allowed. Mr. STEVENS was especially fitted for stormy times that mainly require simple and honest thought and indomitable will. He had, indeed, a great deal more insight than is allowed him by many critics, who are irritated because of his total want of perception and disregard of knowledge in certain other directions. Moreover, his contempt for the arts of rhetoric, and the satisfaction of a vigorous and proudly self-reliant nature in the shock produced by a blunt and exaggerated statement, diminished his direct and calculable influence. Consequently he was often a leader without followers, a ruler without subjects. His friends rejected his plans for the sake of his cause; and he had a kind of surly delight in the support of his enemies, who hoped to ruin it.

But while his plans often failed at the time and in the manner in which he presented them, their wisdom was often vindicated by the event. Take, for instance, his action in regard to the President, and upon the general subject of Reconstruction. When he came into the Thirty-ninth Congress, on the 4th of December, 1865, he threw down the gauntlet to the President upon the very first day by his motion for the Reconstruction Committee. It was considered by many Republicans a very premature and impolitic measure. They doubted whether the party could afford to break with the President, and they were not at all sure that it ought to. The situation was very confused and difficult. There were no precedents in fact, there were no provisions in law. Delight at the end of the war, and the wary silence of the Southern leaders, which was misinterpreted as acquiescence in the result; the apparent fairness of giving the Johnsonian scheme a sufficient trial, the natural reaction of feeling, all seemed to make any positive radical difference with the President very unwise. But these were the very reasons that persuaded Mr. STEVENS of the necessity of the plan he proposed. It was because the President had shown suspicious signs of want of comprehension of the true position, while he had a very definite theory of action, that Mr. STEVENS perceived the importance of some equally definite action upon the part of Congress. A policy, in the unsettled state of opinion, there could not be; but the determination that no policy should prevail which Congress did not approve was of itself a perfectly definite action. It gained time, and time was the vital necessity. The Senate, as Mr. FESSENDEN said in the debate in that body, ought not to adopt the convictions of the President without examination. The Committee was appointed. From that moment the contest between the President and Congress was relentless. But it is upon the principles of reconstruction which that Committee announced that GRANT will be elected, and the Union restored.

So with Mr. STEVENS'S territorial theory. Its announcement startled those who held to the celebrated Johnsonian logic, that as the war was for the purpose of preventing a dissolution of the Union, and was successful, the Union was not dissolved and the States were as they were before. But statesmanship and the conduct of human affairs in general is not a matter of theory, but of experience and common-sense. The President and his friends howled with horror at Mr. STEVENS as a rebel and disunionist, and swore that they clung to the views of Mr. LINCOLN. Now Mr. LINCOLN'S views were that the inquiry whether the States were in or out of the Union was a pernicious abstraction; while the real question was how to restore them to their practical relations in it—a subject of which Congress was the judge. This illustrates the great importance of the method of "putting things." It is not very easy to detect the essential difference between the power of Congress to determine how disorganized States shall resume their relations in the Union, and its power to determine how Territories shall become States of the Union. Yet the difference between them is all the difference between Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. STEVENS. Mr. STEVENS stated the case with a rough and startling picturesqueness of phrase—Mr. LINCOLN with sagacious moderation. But the view of Mr. STEVENS is substantially that of the Reconstruction measures.

But neither the method nor the corollaries urged by him were adopted. Congress proceeded with great and wise deliberation, as we have heretofore indicated; and the best opinion of the country has always rejected the plans of confiscation which were so precious to Mr. STEVENS. It is just here, indeed, in practical and specific measures of legislation, that his want of wisdom and of knowledge were apparent. He really seemed capable of proposing that Congress should enact that under certain circumstances twice two should make five. But the good sense of his fellow-members usually prevented his mere whims from becoming laws, while the great value of his real service was never overlooked. As, however, we are now reaching an epoch in which special experience and particular knowledge are more than usually indispensable in legislation, Mr. STEVENS was plainly ceasing to be the conspicuous figure that he had recently been. Yet to the last his extraordinary vitality did not forsake him. Although an old man—for he was seventy-six—there was no painful, palpable decay of his powers. He died at a moment when the public feeling was softened toward him, and he will be always remembered, among the noted men of his generation in the country, for his indomitable fidelity to his conviction of equal rights and his intrepid self-assertion.

CHOOSING ELECTORS IN ALABAMA.

THERE is no doubt that it is the intention of the Democratic leaders in the Southern States to organize a terrorism by which to prevent the voting of the new citizens, and to give the vote of the late rebel States to SEYMOUR and BLAIR. WADE HAMPTON and HOWELL COBB openly urge the coercion of the colored voters, and the social and commercial ostracism of the loyal white voters. We print elsewhere the resolution of a Democratic Club in Columbia, South Carolina, that no member shall employ any freedman who can not show a Democratic pass; and ALBERT PIKE, President of a club in Memphis, informs colored voters that they can procure from him "cards that can not be counterfeited," recommending them for employment by "Conservatives," and urging all Democrats to refuse to employ those who can not show such cards. If we remember that the white population in the rebel States have carefully prevented, as far as they could, the sale of land to the freedmen; that the latter are therefore almost wholly dependent upon their white employers; that they inherit the ignorance, and the subserviency to color, and the thriftless habits, which slavery engendered, we can imagine what the result of an organized system of political coercion must be. It can hardly fail to affect the election in a very serious manner.

The calculation of WADE HAMPTON and his associates evidently is, that, with the aid of the Ku Klux Klan, the seventy votes of the Southern States can all be secured for SEYMOUR and BLAIR. The cry of "military despotism," and the objection to the invalidity of elections held under military supervision, meant only that Democratic terrorism was impossible unless the soldiers were removed. "Take away the soldiers, and we will take care of the negroes," suggestively said Mr. ALBERT PIKE, Mr. JOHN FORSYTH, and the rest of the most virulent rebels. And a man must cherish a very curious view of human nature who supposes that without the utmost careful consideration of the facts of the case, and measures taken accordingly, there can be a tolerably fair election in the Southern States. It was with this conviction that the proposition was made in the Alabama Legislature that the Presidential electors should be chosen by the Legislature. This is a strictly constitutional method of appointment in that State. It has elicited a loud and angry shout from the gentry who issue cards to Democratic negroes, and who propose to keep all others both from work and from the polls; but it is a matter of very grave consideration whether the Legislature does not more truly represent the opinion of the people of Alabama than electors chosen under the system of terror and coercion organized by WADE HAMPTON and the Democratic leaders.

Governor SMITH, in his veto message to the Legislature, says that in his judgment the proposition "denies the very principles" of the Republican party. But the Governor should reflect that while in a normal situation such a system of choosing electors is not desirable, the reason is that then a general election reveals the true general opinion. But is that likely to be the case in Alabama under the circumstances? The Republican party may be in a majority in the State, and yet, as a large part of it is composed of the new citizens, is it not very evident that the causes we have designated, and the vigorous organization of unscrupulous men, may prevent that party from carrying the State? Would it then be a denial of the true principle of republican government to secure the expression of the will of the majority in another equally constitutional manner? The Governor says that the proposition implies that the colored men are not to be trusted. We do not see it so. No one doubts their fidelity to their principles, and their sympathy with the party of equal rights; but one may fairly doubt whether they can all be counted upon to assert that fidelity, by voting against the open threats of Hampton, Pike, the Ku Klux Klan, and the Democratic clubs. The Governor also says that the bill denies the right of every citizen, white or black, to indicate his choice for President. That is to say, that if the bill is not passed that right will be protected. Very well: no one can ask more. The loyal country has the right to understand, from the Governor's veto, that he is conscious of the power to secure as fair an election as that by which the Constitution of the State was adopted. Such a result will justify his veto.

BUILDING IN NEW YORK.

The time within which buildings may be commenced for occupancy next Spring is rapidly passing away, and yet many who would otherwise make immediate arrangements for the purpose are deterred from doing so by the strike of bricklayers, who claim four dollars and a half per day for a day of eight hours. A large number of eligible lots yet remain unimproved; but the fact that Central Park occupies about eight hundred acres of land, and that numerous boulevards have been projected of greater width than the ordinary streets and avenues—thereby diminishing the area on the island which may be devoted to buildings—forces upon our attention the question, what is the true solution of the difficulty before us, resulting from a constantly diminishing area and a constantly increasing population. The relief which inevitably flows from Kings County, Westchester, New Jersey, and Staten Island need not in this connection be considered.

The ordinary size of lots is 25 feet front by 100 feet deep, and on this basis the blocks, as laid out by the Commissioners, say above Fourteenth Street, have been constructed, so that their depth is not capable of being much changed. The fronts of such lots, however, may be enlarged or diminished at the pleasure of the owners. The value now attached to lots 25 by 100, in good localities, and the cost of putting up a first-class house covering the whole front, extending from say $25,000 to very large figures, depending on the scale with which it is adorned—make it impossible that any but the most favored in financial position can occupy such houses in this city, even those of the minimum cost. The sum required to furnish, added to the cost of lots and buildings, make no inconsiderable fortune thus invested; but the constantly augmenting taxation, and the increased expenses of living, constitute the chief causes for limiting the number who may enjoy life on this princely scale. Hence the number who are driven to boarding-houses and hotels, and the great interest which is manifested in the question how this last expedient may be avoided by those in moderately good circumstances.

The resort to the French style of building and living is presented by many as the true solution of the difficulty—houses extending the whole depth of a block and covering several lots, to be constructed so that families may live on separate floors on a scale of greater economy than would be possible in such houses. But there is a serious objection to this plan in the fact that no single floor can be owned in fee by any occupant; but if he aspire to the position of owner it must be limited to a share in the whole property, if less than the whole. His interest—a fifth or a third—would thus be subjected to contingencies not agreeable in the case of a fixed residence, arising from a joint ownership in which a change of shareholders might often occur, owing to the vicissitudes attending business and life itself. In case of fire a majority of joint owners might demand some use of the property not favorable to the interests of all, and, if disposed, might seriously embarrass the minority of interests with a view to the acquisition of the whole property. The true relation to be borne by the occupant to the owner of such a building should be that of landlord and tenant, as its occupancy by several joint owners is scarcely feasible. To persons intending to build for their own use this plan will generally be rejected, and another resorted to which possesses greater advantages. We refer to narrow houses.

The owner of a single lot of 25 feet front may divide it into two of 12½ feet; two lots may be divided into three of 16⅔. Three may be cut up into five lots of 15 feet each. The division which is most economical is that which forms the lots into the dimensions of 12½ feet by 100, the houses on them to be built with party-walls, and to have such depth—about 60 feet is best—as to make room for an easy staircase between the front and rear suits of rooms. If of 50 feet depth, the ceilings need to be low, so as to admit of a proper staircase, occupying about one-fourth of the whole depth. These houses may be of three or four or five stories, as may be required by the number composing the family. Their interior decoration will, of course, depend on the means of the owner. The whole width between the exterior side walls should be devoted to the entrance, which would thus be large, terminating at the staircase and a more diminutive hall, which latter extends to what is usually a dining-room. Generally these are basement-houses, having a kitchen below the floor we have been describing, with a cellar under that, and as many stories above as convenient. Where the ground is already excavated, as is frequently the case, it might be expedient to extend the under-cellar the whole depth of the lot, instead of going to the expense of filling up the yard with earth, and have also a kitchen with a deck roof where the yard ordinarily is, for summer use. The deck-roof could be used for all the purposes to which a yard is ordinarily applied.

In constructing these houses, if the three portions—front, middle devoted to stairs, and rear—were separated from each other by transverse walls, and the front and rear walls were made double, on the plan now not uncommon, the building would be substantially fire-proof, if the main timbers extended fore and aft, resting on these cross walls, instead of being inserted in the side 12-inch walls, in which case their buts are only four inches apart if the side-walls are party-walls. If the quality of being quite fire-proof is deemed of advantage, this can be accomplished more fully in the construction of the staircase, which has the advantage of being within four brick walls, and may be made partly of iron.

The feature the most objectionable in all houses, on the score of exposure to fire, is that of lath and plaster on joists extending from floor to floor, in the front and rear, and in all parts of modern buildings. It is objectionable because a draught is furnished from cellar to garret, behind the lath and plaster, more powerful than is the draught in most chimneys, and so guarded that the water from engines can not reach the fire behind these screens. Brick walls would not only cut off this draught, but make it difficult if not impossible to have any fire extend to a floor above the one which might be burning. The draught from perpendicular walls of lath and plaster is extended between all the floor and ceiling beams, so that a perfect chimney is every where found, except when brick walls are used, as we have mentioned. It is usual to have two windows front and rear to such edifices, but only one may be preferred, and that a wide opening, the front door to have the double character of door and window imparted to it. No trouble in fastening up would be given, and by a little attention the entrance could be made secure against the violence of a burglar, and indeed of others.

The best houses of this class which have been constructed have quite an appearance of elegance outside and in, and are equivalent in this respect to those of 20 feet front, which have seven and a half feet devoted to halls extending from front to rear. Many who deemed them so small as to be unsuitable for habitation have been surprised at the advantages on the score of appearance and comfort which they present.

A family inhabiting one of these structures may enjoy on separate floors the amount of room which it would occupy in a French building on a single flat, with the inestimable advantage in the former case that full and complete ownership may accompany its possession.

The question whether or not this shall be done in this expensive city, oppressed with the most disgraceful taxation, is not one of choice but of necessity to the great bulk of substantial citizens; and the sooner they unite on this plan and construct houses upon it the better. Space is gained by having party-walls on each side, and if used as we have described will be beneficial. A half dozen houses built on each of two contiguous streets would render the whole improvement so safe on the score of fire that the tax of insurance might be dispensed with or submitted to only on a moderate scale, and some general plan of heating by a single apparatus might in that case be employed; but if our capitalists will construct houses such as we have described, or if individuals will unite on this plan there will be a great demand for them by tenants and also by purchasers; and the scheme will go far toward solving the question how a growing population may be accommodated on the area which constitutes the island of New York.

A LITTLE LATE.

The Democratic managers, justly alarmed by the plain statement of their policy which has been made by the delegates to the Convention and the leaders of the party, have warned those leaders not to speak so distinctly, and Wade Hampton is now trying to coo gently. It is a little too late.

When Mr. Hampton returned from the Convention he spoke of its action to his constituents. He had been a member of the most important Committee, that upon resolutions. The two important points of the platform were repudiation and the denunciation of the reconstruction measures. The first of these was put into the platform by the friends of Mr. Pendleton, the second by Wade Hampton. Here are his own words:

> "I said I would take the resolutions it they would allow me to add but three words, which you will find embodied in the platform. I added this: 'And we declare that the reconstruction acts are revolutionary, unconstitutional, and void.' *When I proposed that, every single member of the Committee—and the warmest men in it were the men of the North—came forward and said they would carry it out to the end.*"

General Hampton then proceeds to state that if the Democrats are successful in the election the present State organizations will fall. How? They can fall only by the repeal of the Reconstruction acts, or by the sword. But whoever may be elected President the Senate will remain unchanged. The acts can not, therefore, be repealed. Yet his Democratic allies assured General Hampton that they would "*carry out to the end*" the declaration that the acts were revolutionary and void; and they nominated by acclamation a candidate for Vice-President who declared it to be the duty of the President, despite the Senate and House of Representatives, to overthrow the present organizations by the sword.

Are General Hampton and his fellow-Democratic managers so inconceivably foolish as to suppose that the people of the United States do not understand plain words? The phrase "carry it out to the end" has, and was meant to have, but one significance. It means overthrow by force. The Charleston *Mercury* says that it has been urged by Northern Democrats to advise the Southern speakers not to reveal so much. It is, we say, a little late to close the stable-door carefully when the noble steed is kicking up his heels in plain sight. Before the Convention met the same *Mercury* said that it presumed the position taken by the Convention, and "the true principle for the Democratic party to stand on is that the Reconstruction laws are unconstitutional, and to be wiped out,......that Congress has no jurisdiction in the matter."

Whether, therefore, General Hampton and the illustrious patriots Cobb, Semmes, Toombs, Ramsey, and others, speak or are silent, whether they plead that their remarks and General Blair's letter are to be taken in a purely Pickwickian sense or not, the feelings, the views, and the purposes of the Democratic party are equally manifest. A distinguished Maine Democrat, the Hon. George M. Weston, who, two years ago, was the Democratic candidate for Congress in the fourth district of that State, perceives the inevitable tendency of the party and does not hesitate publicly to withdraw his support from it. Mr. Weston says that "he sees unredeemed mischief in Mr. Blair's policy. The flag with which he marches at the head of the Democratic column is the black flag of discord and civil war for the country, and a war of races for the South. The mass of his misguided followers are honest and well-intentioned, but it is none the less true that he is leading them in a broad and straight road to ruin."

EX-REBELS AND REBELS.

At a late Democratic meeting in Boston Mr. Josiah G. Abbott remarked, that it was hardly becoming in Republicans, who welcomed such a secessionist as Joseph E. Brown to their Chicago Convention, to cry out against Wade Hampton, Cobb, Toombs, Semmes, and others of the same kind.

There are two kinds of ex-rebels, those who concede that "the lost cause" *is* lost, and who act accordingly; and those who insist that it is not lost, and who act accordingly. The first are not a very large number; but they are very warmly welcomed by all loyal men. The last are undoubtedly a majority of the late rebels, and they are naturally allied with the Democratic party. The Republicans harmonize with Governor Brown, and General Longstreet, and Governor Orr, not merely because they support the party, but because they prove by their acts that they have abandoned the cause of the rebellion; and they warn the country against Wade Hampton and his associates, because they frankly and openly declare their devotion to that cause, and their faith in its ultimate triumph.

Thus Wade Hampton, at the Commencement exercises of General Lee's College in Virginia, said, at the end of June, upon his way to the Democratic Convention, "The cause for which Jackson [Stonewall] and Stuart fell can not be in vain, and in some form will yet triumph," and ended his speech by proposing "The lost cause." Again in Charleston, after the Convention, he said: "'Never shall I admit that the cause itself failed, and that the principles which gave it life were therefore wrong." What the other Southern Democratic leaders say we show elsewhere. Governor Orr said, at about the same time: "It would have been wise for the white people to accept the Reconstruction Acts.......If the Southern Governments in 1869 are declared void the States will be left in a condition of anarchy."

Now, Governor Orr was as much a rebel as Wade Hampton. Is Mr. Josiah G. Abbott unable to see that a loyal Union man may very consistently sympathize with the one and "cry out" against the other?

THE MILITARY DESPOTS.

In a late speech in Kansas General Blair said that the "secret of the adherence of Generals Grant, Sheridan, and other regular officers to the Radical party is the tendency of that party......toward military despotism." We have elsewhere considered General Grant as a military despot. But the ferocious Thomas, the liberty-crushing Sherman, the tyrannical Farragut, the cruel Sheridan, are also all well known to the country. Their constant efforts to erect a military despotism upon the ruins of the republic are familiar; and not less notorious is the docile adherence to law and order of those Conservative supporters of Seymour and Blair—Generals Forrest, Hampton, Beauregard, Wise, Toombs, and Admiral Semmes.

But one of the most alarming indications of the tendency toward a military despotism upon the part of General Grant and his friends is the speech of General Meade upon resigning his functions as Military Governor of Georgia. At the dinner in honor of the installation of the new civil government that artful and designing man, that despot, that remorseless satrap, said:

> "In speaking on my own behalf and that of every officer present, I am sure I can say that it is with the greatest satisfaction and pleasure we yield to the civil authorities that power which under the law it has, until this day, been our duty to exercise."
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> "No one in this whole land is more rejoiced at the restoration of civil authority; no one regrets more the emergency which for a time required it should be subordinate to the military; no one prays more earnestly that it may never again be deemed necessary to place the military paramount to the civil power than does the humble individual who now addresses you. And I feel confident, gentlemen, as well-wishers of our beloved country, you will all unite with me in praying for the prosperity and success of the administration of the Governor, this day inaugurated, in asking God's blessing on him and his efforts so to administer the affairs of the State with wisdom, prudence, and moderation, that peace and prosperity may reign throughout the land, and the people of Georgia be restored to the beneficent sway of civil law—the only law that should be supreme—may be led by the enjoyment of the blessings which follow a good government, to forget the wounds of the past, and that they ever were under military rule."

If this doesn't show a tendency upon the part of the regular officers to establish a military despotism, the country will have to take General Blair's word for it. It will be remembered that the government upon which General Meade asks the blessing of God is one of those organizations which General Blair—who fears a military despotism—hopes will be overthrown by the army, and trampled into dust.

We trust that General Blair will continue to write letters and to make speeches, and that he and his friends, Semmes and Forrest and Quantrell—if he should happen to find the latter in Kansas, for he would be a most ardent Seymour and Blair man—will not hesitate constantly to warn the country against the designs of those reckless revolutionists, Grant, Sherman, Meade, Thomas, Farragut, and Sheridan.

DEMOCRATIC PORTRAIT OF GRANT.

The following allusion to General Grant in the New York *World*, written before the dire exigencies of party compelled it to eat its own words, is a biting sarcasm upon Horatio Seymour and certain of his supporters:

> "When the man of men look upon such a character they may learn a truer respect for themselves and each other; they are taught by it that high qualities and great abilities are consistent with the simplicity of taste, contempt for parade and plainness of manners with which direct and earnest men have a strong, natural sympathy....His career is a lesson in practical democracy; it is a quiet satire on the dandyism, the puppyism, and the shallow affectation of our fashionable exquisites, as well as upon the swagger of our plausible, glib-tongued demagogues."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Western outlaws and express robbers are becoming desperate, and mobs of citizens are punishing them at a terrible rate. On August 7 a posse of constables at Crawford, Illinois, attempted to arrest four of the desperadoes. They fired on the constables, killing one. The remainder and a mob of citizens then rushed upon the robbers, and killed them all.

Several new governors of Southern States recently made requisitions on the Secretary of War for arms under a law passed in 1796, but the Secretary has declined to furnish until further legislation is had on the subject. The governors, in consequence, have united in an appeal to Congress to meet on the day to which they had adjourned, and take action in the matter.

A new city government was inaugurated in Montgomery, Alabama, on August 15, many of the officers being colored men, and the police force being half and half.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Pope's foreign soldiers do not like his service, and are deserting in large numbers.

Austria is rapidly reorganizing her army, and the Hungarian forces are being armed and equipped. The latest revolutionary document—the report of the Prussian General von Molke, revealing the fact that Prussia aimed at the destruction of Austria, and only "made use" of Italy—has fired anew the martial spirit. The Austrians are frightened at the revelations; Italy is indignant at being represented in the light of a cat's-paw; and France is delighted at the mistake of Prussia in thus uselessly making two enemies.

Thirty-four times the amount asked for was lately subscribed in France to a national loan.

There are horrible reports from Japan. Several great battles have been fought; half of Jeddo has been burned; all native Christians have been condemned to death by the Mikado, and many executions had taken place. A report comes from Nagasaki to the effect that 150 Christians had been taken in a steamer to sea and drowned. The consuls remonstrated in vain.

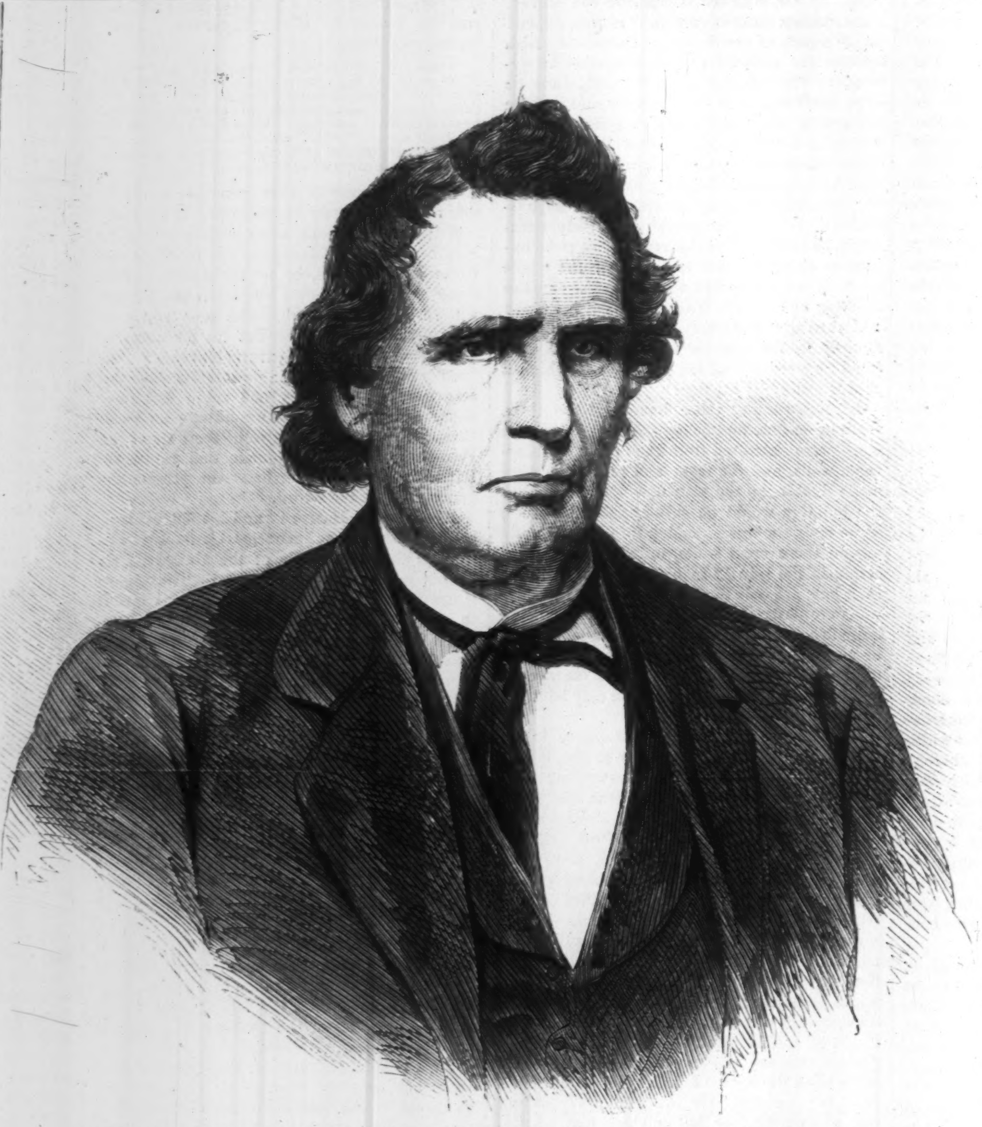
THADDEUS STEVENS.

"I have no history," said **Thaddeus Stevens** to a visitor a short time before his death. "My life-long regret is that I have lived so long and so uselessly."

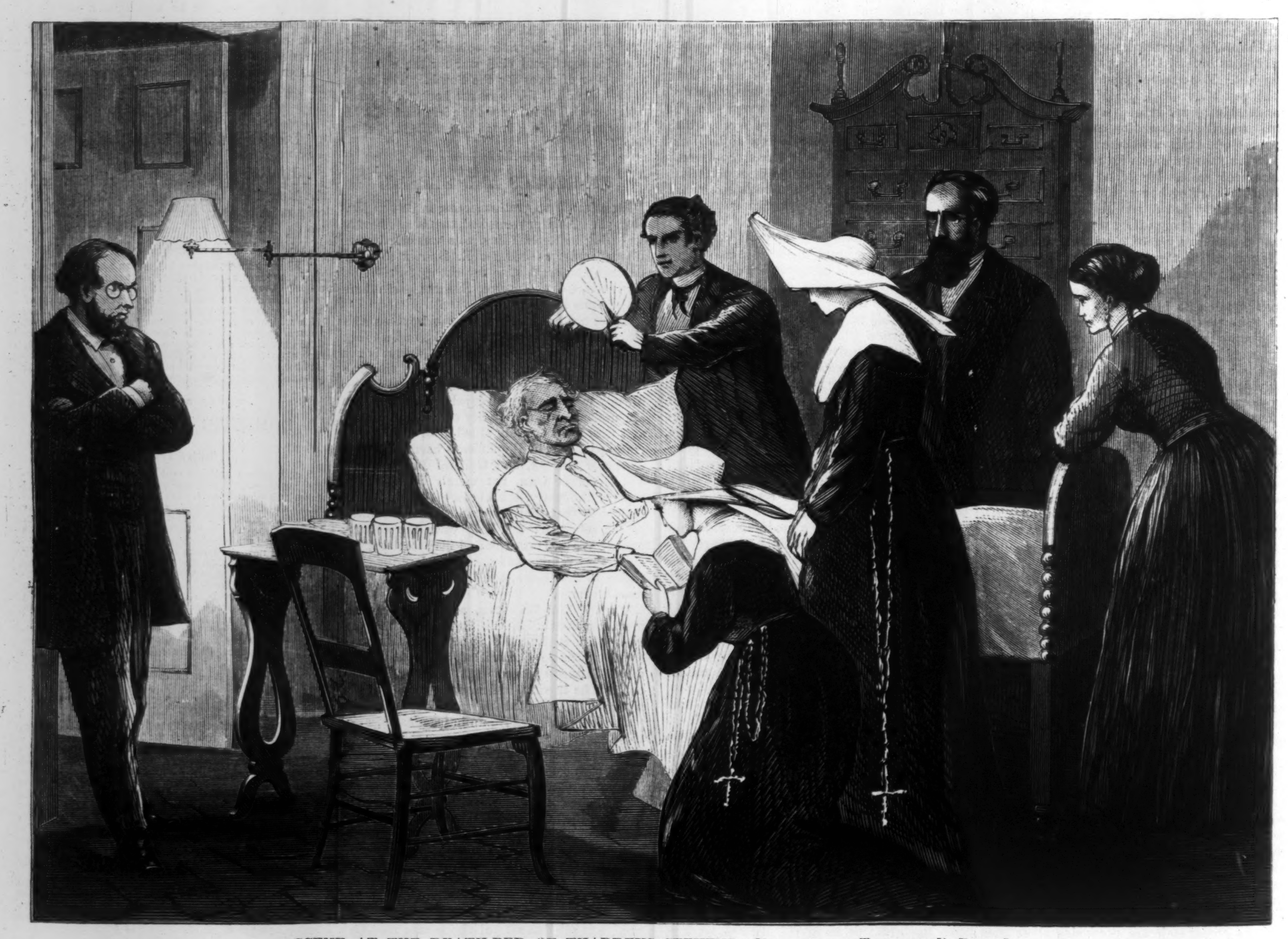
Mr. **Stevens** was one of those men whose great success in life was imperceptible. There are no great salient points in his history, no single achievement of vast importance to the country and glory to himself, to point to in his honor; and yet the labor he performed, the good he accomplished, in private and in public life, was so great and signal that in dying we recognize that he leaves a void not easily filled. When it was told that he was dead, all men began to recognize and admit that he was one of those characters who make and lead public opinion, and that it was a guide whom the country had lost in him. The positive men are not so plentiful in American politics that one of the most independent and determined of them can die and the loss be unfelt.

Mr. **Stevens** was one of the most positive characters this country has had in politics for many years, and the wide-spread influence which he wielded was due to that peculiarity of his character rather than to any statesman-like quality of mind, superior culture, or oratorical power. His earnestness of manner, his perseverance under difficulties, and his dogged persistency in the advocacy of his advanced ideas, were his weapons and arguments rather than the wisdom of his views. He was so far in advance of the people and the majority of his party in all his measures of political policy and economy, that people and party followed him doubtingly and cautiously, and more from a confiding trust in the correctness of the ardent advocate than from conviction resulting from his assertions and arguments. It was in thus educating people and party up to his views that Mr. **Stevens** did his greatest work in national politics, and, in spite of his demurrer, made a history which will eventually be recognized as a proud one.

These peculiarities of decision and pertinacity have characterized Mr. **Stevens** from his earliest youth; and in every phase of his long career they have ever been prominent. He was born at Danville, Caledonia County, Vermont, on April 4, 1793, of poor and illiterate parents. He once described his father as "not a well-to-do man," and his mother as "one of the most remarkable women he had ever known." It was to her industry and energy, and the fact that he was delicate and lame, that he owed his education. His brothers were strong and stout, and the mother, as do many other just as good and equally illiterate mothers, thought they could be good and prosperous farmers without special education, and so she devoted her frailest and weakest boy to higher professional duty, and educated him for a lawyer. "The family were poor," said an old neighbor and schoolmate of the deceased statesman, narrating the circumstances of his youth, "and Mrs. **Stevens** was one of those hard-working mothers, who toil from morning till night, week in and week out. She would have worked her fingers to the bone that her boy might get book-learning. **Thaddeus** was a sickly boy, and very lame. Folks never supposed they'd be able to raise him. He was still and quiet like; different from the rest of boys—and sometimes they'd laugh at him, boy-like, and mimic his limping walk. They didn't mean any harm, but **Thaddeus** was a sensitive little fellow, and it rankled. I've always thought perhaps that's the reason he has never been back to the old homestead." In speaking once of the struggles of his mother, he used the expression that she was "a very extraordinary woman," and added that the "greatest gratification of his life resulted from his ability to give his mother a farm of 250 acres, and a dairy of fourteen cows, and an occasional bright gold piece, which she loved to deposit in the contribution box of the Baptist Church which she attended." This always gave her great pleasure, and him much satisfaction.


THE LATE THADDEUS STEVENS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—[Photographed by Brady, Washington.]

His education was finished at Dartmouth College in 1814; and two years after he was admitted to the bar of Adams County, Pennsylvania. He soon after entered politics as a Whig, but it was not until 1833 that he was elected to an of-


SCENE AT THE DEATH-BED OF THADDEUS STEVENS.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

fice. He remained in the Pennsylvania Legislature until 1839, when he was defeated by a Democratic competitor. He shortly after removed to Lancaster County to practice law.

It was during his Legislative career that he succeeded in passing, and subsequently in defeating the effort to repeal, the common school laws of the State. This he once declared was, in his mind, "the crowning utility of his life;" and next to his ability to aid his mother in her old age, the one act which gave him most satisfaction to reflect upon. The hostility of the Democracy and the wealthy tax-payers of Pennsylvania to its educational system in 1835 is almost incredible to the present generation; but so bitter and powerful was it that in the year named a Legislature pledged to its repeal was elected by a heavy majority. Mr. STEVENS was returned from his own county only by a small majority, and under positive instructions to vote for the repeal of the law. Instead of doing so he became its chief defender, and when the bill repealing the law came from the Senate, where it had passed, to the House, he made what is conceded to have been the most effective speech of his life.

"During its delivery," says a writer in the Philadelphia *Press*, "in the hall of the House at Harrisburg the scene was one of dramatic interest and intensity. THADDEUS STEVENS was then 43 years of age, and in the prime of life; and his classic countenance, noble voice, and cultivated style, added to the fact that he was speaking the holiest truths and for the noblest of all human causes, created such a feeling among his fellow-members that for once at least our State legislators rose above all selfish feelings and responded to the instincts of a higher nature. The motion to repeal the law failed, and the number of votes pledged to sustain it were changed upon the spot; and what seemed to be an inevitable defeat was transformed into a crowning victory for the friends of common schools. Immediately after Mr. STEVENS concluded this great effort he received a message from GEORGE WOLFE, then Democratic Governor of Pennsylvania, and a leading member of the Masonic fraternity. Governor WOLFE was the firm friend of popular education. Of a different and more methodical character, he did not and could not bring to the movement the attributes with which God had clothed THADDEUS STEVENS, but he was earnest and sincere. When Mr. STEVENS, in response to his invitation, entered the Executive chamber, he threw his arms about his neck, and with tearful eyes and broken voice thanked him for the great service he had rendered to our common humanity."

Mr. STEVENS entered Congress in 1848, and served until 1852; he was re-elected in 1858, and remained a member of the House until his death. Since 1860 he was Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and also served on several Special Committees, among others that on the death of Mr. LINCOLN. As the author of the Impeachment movement he was naturally made one of the Managers of the Impeachment by the House of Representatives.

The illustrations on our first page and on page 548 are, besides the admirable portrait of Mr. STEVENS, representations of the death-bed scene and the body lying in state under the dome of the Capitol. The calm and peaceful death of Mr. STEVENS has been fully described in all the papers of the country. He was surrounded at the time by his relatives, Rev. Dr. EMORY, Dr. YOUNG, his physician, two Sisters of Charity, and two colored clergymen (one of whom, curiously enough, was at the death-bed of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS). About the last utterance made by Mr. STEVENS was an order to admit the colored clergymen to pray with him. He was baptized by one of the Sisters of Charity a short time before he expired, His death was so quiet that those in the room could not believe that he was dead. His only reference, during his last moments, to national affairs, seemed to be addressed to his nephew. "SIMON," he said, "the great questions of the day are reconstruction, the finances, and the railway system of this country. I believe GRANT will be elected, and that he will carry out the great Reconstruction laws."

The body was removed on August 13 to the Rotunda of the Capitol, and there exposed to view. The coffin was borne to the Capitol by five colored and three white pall-bearers. It was deposited under the centre of the dome, in the catafalque on which the remains of Mr. LINCOLN lay three years ago, and immediately at the feet of the life-size statue of Mr. LINCOLN. The guard of honor were the officers of the Butler Zouaves, a colored military organization of Washington. The body thus lying in state was viewed by five or six thousand persons—white and black.

BEREAVED.

THE gay, glad year was yet in its prime,
When I lost the pearl I had only won
At the close of the previous summer-time—
The pearl of my life, and her little one.

The younger drooped when the elder died—
Followed her over the broad black River,
Leaving the gap in my soul more wide,
A gap that will gape therein forever.

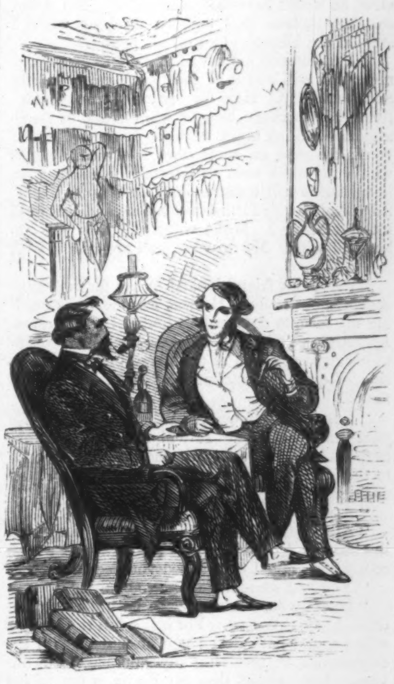
My loss has darkened my manhood's dawn,
Has shadowed all that was once so fair,
Till the sky of my life is quite o'erdrawn
With the web that Sorrow has woven there.

And oftentimes, when the restless ghost
Of that vanished twelvemonth haunts my brain,
I feel as if nipped with a sudden frost,
And racked with a something worse than pain.

Yet I bear it all with a bold, brave front,
And go on facing life as before,
With an inward anguish naught can blunt,
And a void in my heart for evermore.

THE LAWYER'S STORY.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.



EXPLANATORY.

No lawyer in the city of more than thirty years' standing has forgotten that celebrated time when Judge ——, from the rural districts, held the circuit in New York and called his calendar at eleven o'clock at night. It was on one of those never-to-be-forgotten evenings when a half dozen of us, who had agreed to block the calendar and keep the Judge at work, were seated before the fire in the old Washington Hotel, expecting momentarily to hear that the Judge was charging the jury in the case then on, when our presence would be required across the Park. I say it was on such an evening that our old friend Mr. Blackstone, for by this name I choose to conceal the identity of one whom many will recognize in the account, related the incidents which form the basis of the following story. So much were we all absorbed in his narration, and so deeply did we become interested in the history, that when the boy came rushing in to tell us that the Judge had directed the jury to render a verdict for the plaintiff without retiring, and was actually calling the calendar, we unanimously agreed to Brother Stanley's sententious reply to his clerk who brought the message, "Tell Judge —— to go to the devil!" and we relapsed into our chairs and silence while Mr. Blackstone concluded his story. I am impressed with the idea, on re-reading the story, that I have totally failed to give it the rich tint of character and coloring of incident that his matchless powers gave it. But such as it is I let it go to the press as a sketch of some phases of life and human nature not often seen except in a lawyer's office or by a lawyer.

THE ESTRAY.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a cold night in January, 18—. I had promised myself a quiet evening by the fireside. But my promise was made without sufficient foresight. Dinner was hardly cleared away when a sharp ring at the bell indicated the presence of either a furious client or a furious beggar. It proved to be both, for it was a poor fellow whose law business I had done gratuitously for six months previously out of pure compassion for a man whose brain seemed to be wandering most of the time. His business had not been large. He had consulted me two or three times about a legacy that he expected—I never knew whence—and had made imaginary investments of his five hundred or thousand dollars in all the varieties of stock that the city could afford. And as a new stock struck his fancy he would come to me for advice as to its stability and the chances of its improvement, which advice I always gave very readily, as it cost me nothing but time, and did him no good or harm.

He was a curious-looking, gaunt, thin-featured man of thirty-five or thereabouts, and his whole life seemed bound up in this expected legacy, which he never rated at over a thousand dollars, though he once hoped it might prove a hundred more, to enable him to buy ten shares of a stock that was above par.

He did not come in, but waited for me in the entry, where I went out to see him.

"He is dying," said he, in a loud whisper, as I appeared.

"Who is dying?"

I question whether he had ever thought of such a question before. He did not know what reply to make, for he was actually ignorant of the name of the man who was to be his greatest benefactor. He stood and thought an instant, and then said:

"Why, you know. *He.*"

"But who is *he?*"

"Why he—you know—that is, you know, that I—you know—he that's going to give me the legacy, you know."

"Well; if his will is made, you are all right. What do you want to-night?"

"That's just the thing, Mr. Blackstone. His will isn't made. He's put it off and put it off, and now he is in a mighty tight place, and I'm terribly afraid if you don't hurry he'll be dead before we get there."

"So I am to go and draw his will?"

"Yes, Sir, if you please."

"But such a night as this! Think of it, my dear Sir. I am not strong. Step around to Justice Hardrup's and get him to go. He'll be glad of the chance."

But there was no putting off my client. I always found my charity work decidedly the most exacting and laborious that I ever did. So I wrapped myself in a cloak and sallied out into as bitter a storm as it was ever my misfortune to meet.

Up one street and down another, into an alley, and now into an old half-falling house, and up a rickety staircase, which threatened to yield at every step, I followed my conductor into the presence of a dying man. It was evident that he was dying. The pallor of death had settled on his old and worn countenance, which was fast assuming the rigidity that precedes the last moment.

He was a very old man. His head was entirely bald, and his eyebrows were white as snow. His hand was wrinkled and thin, his arm attenuated beyond belief. His eye was restless, roving, anxious, indicating his desire to have done with the business on which I had come. His voice was husky as he addressed me, and I started at its unearthliness.

"You are Mr. Blackstone?"

"I am."

"I want you to draw my will, and quickly, for I am going fast."

I glanced involuntarily at the garret walls, the broken table and chair, and the tallow candle that made darkness visible. He turned restlessly and spoke sharply.

"You think I have nothing to leave. I have enough to pay you for drawing the will, and that is all you care for, I suppose. See here!" and he produced from under his pillow a roll of bank-bills and gold, and shook them at me with an expression of triumph, at which I could not avoid a smile.

I asked for ink, and it was produced—an old inkhorn that might have done service in the time of Job—with a pen in it that seemed as if it had been soaked there some centuries. Taking my seat at the three-legged table I demanded his instructions, and he gave them briefly:

"I want to give all I have to that boy. He has been my best friend for two years, and has taken care of me like a friend. He knows I have a little to leave him, and I have promised it to him. Give him all—every farthing. Write, now, 'I give all I have to—' What is your name, Tom? I never heard any thing of it but Tom."

"Thomas Wentworth."

"And what is your name?" said I.

"Solomon Storms," said he, in a clear voice and great emphasis; and I heard him add, in a low tone, "Born in old Salem and died in a garret in New York." And then he muttered something I could not hear; and when he had finished I had drawn the brief form of will for him to execute, and wanted only a witness to complete its execution. I therefore left the room, intending to go to a friend's not far distant and procure some one to act as witness with myself; but as I left the doorway I stumbled against a man who was hastening by at a furious rate, and who would have fallen but for the firm grasp he took of my collar. It was evident that he thought I was a highwayman, and, to say truth, his sudden grasp led me to think much the same way of him, for I seized him instantly by the throat. We were not badly matched, and after a brief wrestle we rolled into the gutter together, and there my cloak gave way and left me free to rise and look at my antagonist. He gathered himself up swiftly and fiercely enough; but something in my appearance convinced him I was no robber, and he instantly commenced an apology for his rudeness, to which I replied by taking all the blame to myself; and then begged him, if a citizen, to save me any farther trouble by stepping up to the garret I had left and witnessing the will of the old man.

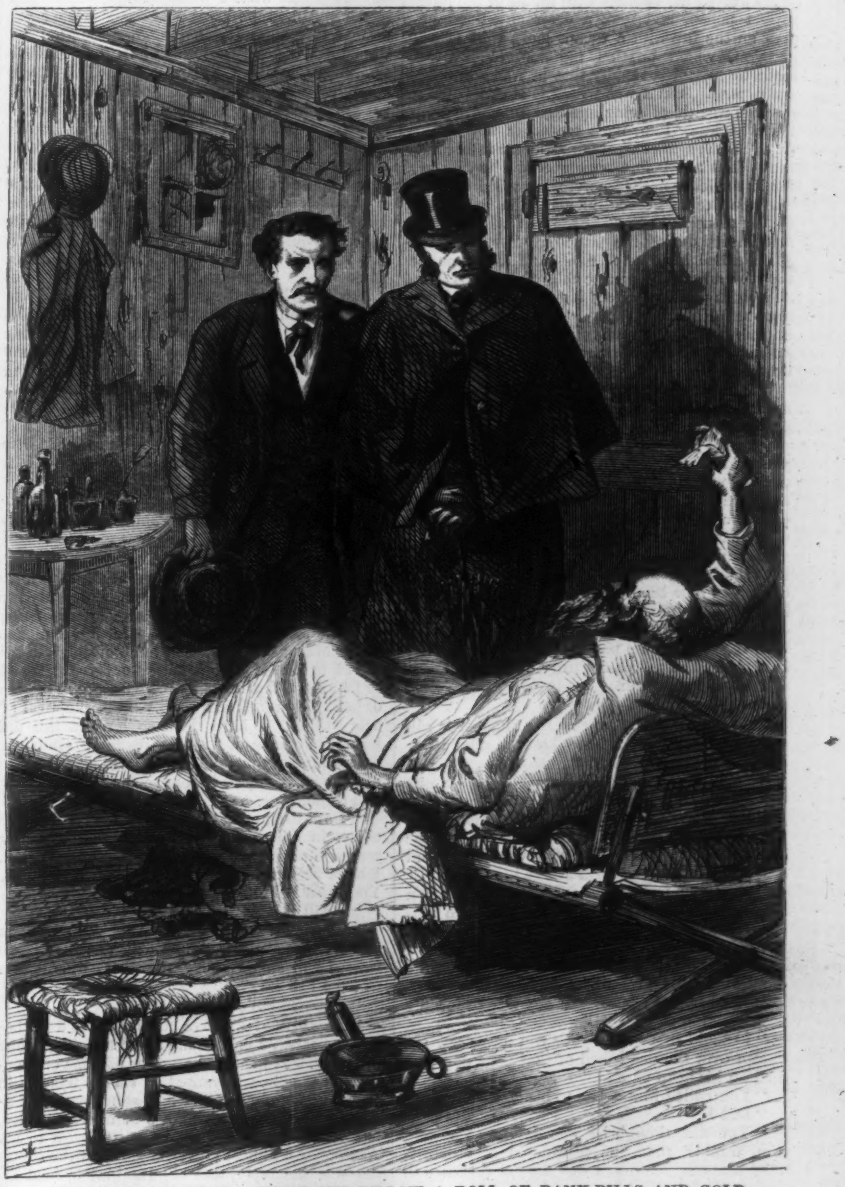
To this he readily assented, and we returned together to the presence of the dying miser, for such he evidently was. The will was signed, and as he handed it back to me he gave me a package of papers and money which he requested me to keep for his heir and deliver when he should be dead. I wrote my name as a witness, and then handed the will to my late antagonist, who signed in a swift and marked handwriting:

"Walter Ashmun, New York City."

At the very instant of his finishing the signature there was a change in the old man's countenance; a shudder passed over his entire frame, and lingered about his lips; he moaned once as if he would have spoken but could not; he fixed his weary old eyes upward as if he strove to penetrate a cloud that overhung him, but could see nothing but mists of darkness; he looked swiftly, and even wildly, at each of us, and lifted his hands up imploringly, and they fell heavily on the ragged coverlet, and he was gone from the company of those that knew him not to the presence of those who had known his boyhood eighty years before.

As I turned from the bed I saw Ashmun standing with his eyes fixed on the dead man, with a curious expression that puzzled me.

I looked at him inquiringly, but he did not move for some moments; and when he caught my eye fixed on him he turned abruptly from me, hurried down the staircase, and disappeared.



"HE PRODUCED FROM UNDER HIS PILLOW A ROLL OF BANK-BILLS AND GOLD, AND SHOOK THEM AT ME."

Such was my introduction to one of the most remarkable men I have ever known. I have related this occurrence only for the sake of showing how I became acquainted with him, and what I have thus far told you has nothing more to do with my story.

He was not like any other man that I remember to have seen, either in personal appearance or mental structure. He was a strange compound of commonplace and sentiment, fury and gentleness, polish and roughness.

I had, of course, no opportunity to observe this at the period I have spoken of. It was not till some time later that my actual acquaintance with him commenced; for, when the will of the dead miser was proved, I was not present in the Surrogate's office on the same day that Ashmun was examined, and I did not meet him again for nearly or quite a year, during which time I had entirely forgotten his features and his personal appearance.

I was seated in my office one winter morning, zealously discussing the paper, when I was interrupted by the entrance of a man whose appearance arrested my attention. He was tall, fifty years or more of age, with an eye like an eagle's, small, quick, piercing, but unsteady. As he opened the door he looked at me, then at the table, then at the shelves, which contained a very liberal display of calf-skin, and finally fixing his eyes on my face, he smiled a very sudden smile, but very cold and harsh withal, and bowing politely he said that he hoped he had the pleasure of addressing Mr. Blackstone. I admitted my personal identity in as amiable a tone as possible, glancing involuntarily at the same moment toward the clock to see how near I was to the time for an important appointment.

He advanced a step and stated his desire to speak with me, and also mentioned his name, "Ashmun." I started immediately. Strange that I did not recognize that face. It was one to be remembered. In his youth it had been a fine, a noble face. It still retained much of its original beauty, but the lines of life had erased much, most of the delicacy of feature which once constituted its expression. There was on it an appearance of care, a look of heavy and laborious thought, as if all the pleasant things of life had been long shut out from his soul, and bitterness of one sort or another had taken possession. Yet there was a magnificence about his forehead and eyes, a look which was as if it might have been a memory of former splendor of intellect, and which at the same time was so indicative of a present powerful mind, that you paid involuntary respect to the man whose soul looked out of such windows.

While he continued silent for the space of forty seconds I had resolved all this in my mind, and then apologized for not recognizing him sooner, alluding to the strange scene in which I had last met him.

He waived the apology with an air of the most perfect polish, and took a chair and fixed his eyes on the fire with a vacant look, void of expression, which puzzled me considerably. I made up my mind rapidly that he was a broken-down man. But I was wrong. He was a man of large wealth, of acute intelligence, and, by the few who knew him, most envied of any in the city. I was again surprised, as he sat before me, that I had not before remembered who he was, for it suddenly flashed across my mind that he was the wealthy, eccentric man who lived in a stately mansion in S—— Street, of whom I had often heard during the past four years.

He raised his eyes to mine, and as he caught my look a mask seemed to fall off from his face. A sudden flash of lively intelligence lit up his features, his eye gleamed with unusual lustre, and now, with the pleasantest imaginable smile, and a voice of exceeding richness of tone, he addressed me:

"I must apologize, Mr. Blackstone, for my apparent absence of mind. Ever since I had the pleasure of seeing you—perhaps I should say the pleasure of fighting you—I have desired to meet you again. Some remarks that you made that evening were impressed on my attention. There are certain matters which I desire to communicate to a professional man like yourself. I have never been able to make up my mind to such a communication until very recently, and I have been bothering my brain until this moment to determine how best to tell my story. Strangely, it never until now occurred to me that the best course I can pursue, and indeed the only possible way, is to give you a plain account of my wishes, and so much of my past history as will be necessary to explain them. When can you give me an hour?"

"Next Friday morning at this time, if it will suit you, I will be at leisure," said I, after looking over my note-book.

"Could you not say evening?"

"Here at my office?"

"No, but at my house. To be frank with you, I want a friend more than a lawyer. Come and see me, hear me talk, learn what I am, and advise me as a man would advise his friend."

"Now you flatter me. I shall suspect you have some sinister motive if you give such reasons for wishing to see me. As a lawyer I should not ask how you came to ask my advice, but I have certainly a right to know why you seek me of all others for a friend."

"Not because I have seen any thing specially prepossessing about you."

"I should think not. For you never saw me except over the death-bed of that poor dog that died on his heap of gold."

"You called him a dog to his face."

"Did I?"

"You did, though he was dying. You told him, frankly, that you considered him detestable, and that his death was a good riddance to the world. I liked your boldness. It was the truth, spoken so plainly, and I believe you will speak it to me. But come and see me, and talk with me, and perhaps you will better understand me. Will you come?"

"To-morrow evening."

"I will expect you."

And so he left me.

I found him the next evening in his library. It was a large room with high ceilings, and shelves loaded with rare volumes of every language, old and new. Strange birds looked down from their perches with the most lifelike appearance, and it was only on a second look that you found them to be dead. Quaint devices caught the eye in the heavy carvings, and phantoms seemed to be standing in the corners, which the faint light of a shaded lamp of costly workmanship and heavy chasing at length resolved into statues of the old gods.

Reading by this lamp, and directly underneath it, sat the master of the house. His book was an old and splendid edition of Plato, and as my eye rested on the well-known imprint mark—the hammer striking the rock—and the name *Basileae per Henricum Petrum*, 1556, I smiled.

His eye caught the smile, for he was accustomed to the dim light of the room, and as he rose to welcome me, and acknowledged my bow with a most courtly reverence, he spoke in a voice whose silver tone was in accordance with the room, the light, the carvings, and the statuary.

"You find me in the humor to talk with you. I see you smile at my old companion here."

"Not at your companion, Sir. In faith, I seldom smile at Plato. I have oftener tears in my eyes for the grand old academician. I smiled for pleasure at meeting with so good an edition in your hands."

"Ah yes! I used formerly an old London edition. Until one day, as I was strolling along a street in Amsterdam, I caught sight of this. I bought it, had it bound as you now see it, and have read every page over a hundred times since then. You read Plato?"

"Seldom now. I did read Plato once, most constantly; but he and Chitty hardly work well together. I have little time for dreaming."

"Plato never dreamed, Sir. You can hardly have read him aright if you thought that."

"I said not that he did. But you can not read him without dreaming. No man can study Plato now. None of the old philosophers, not even Aristotle, the prince of philosophers, and the original author of the 'Novum Organum'—not even Aristotle can find students now. We read, we love to read, we devour them over and over again, and always with new fancies, new phantasies, vagaries, and dreams. What were you dreaming of when I entered? Tell me the truth, if you so love frankness."

"By Jove you are right! Well, I am a dreamer all the time. No one ever told me so before. I never told myself so. I like your telling me so. It is just what I want. Some one to talk to me and help me break the bonds I have put on myself. I am a machine, an automaton. I want life, freedom, freshness of thought and action. Yes, I am a dreamer. And when you came in I was thinking, most complacently, as I sat under that lamp reading Plato, that I was a student, a plain sort of a man seeking knowledge. That was a dream, certainly. Look at that lamp. I had it carved. But the centre, which you do not see, is more valuable than the gold which surrounds it. It came from Greece. Dug up there. I don't know where; but the Greek I bought it from swore by all the gods it was from the very spot where stood the residence of Socrates. Of course I didn't believe him; but I liked the lie, and resolved to give it gold to help it. Men would more readily believe a golden than an iron lie. I had it cased in precious metal, and I got to believing myself. I was my own first convert. So I read Plato, and dream that I am using the lamp over which he used to bend. What harm is there in it? The dream while it lasts is as good as the reality; and if 'we are such stuff as dreams are made of,' why we are some of us made of glorious stuff. Is it not so?"

"Yes, till the sleep comes."

"Ay, there it is. The waking is always terrible."

"Always?"

"Yes, always. Don't frown at that. I have no faith to look out of this dream-land. My life has been one of trial, disappointment, madness; my days have been so full of pain, my nights so full of hideousness, that I have no faith left in the world, in man or woman, master or servant, friend or foe, life or death. I scarcely believe in heaven or hell. You look surprised. I am skeptical of every thing. I have lived so long in this old house in lonesome quiet, reading, studying, dreaming, as you called it, that it all seems to me like a dream, and there seems to be nothing real around me.

"I am tired of living in this way. I have one object in life that I want to resume. It is a search that I gave over years ago as vain, and I have been thinking of renewing it ever since. You must help me. Can you?"

"I will think of it."

"Cautious? Very well. Will you prepare a will for me, a plain, simple will, one that I can believe will survive me—will outlast this dream which I call *me?*"

"Impossible."

"Impossible! I have not heard the word before in years. I once found a queer-looking stone in Egypt. It was an altar-stone of some old heathenish temple. I wanted to smoke tobacco in a pipe made of a piece of that stone, and to ponder on the evanescent nature of men's temples, altars, and creeds. I suggested the wish to my Arabs. An almost universal shrug of the shoulder was the reply, and old Ibrahim opened his lips to utter that word, or the Arabic for it. I stopped his mouth with a piece of gold, and there lies the pipe. I smoked tobacco in it a fortnight afterward, sitting in a newly-opened tomb, on a mummy which I chose to think was once a worshiper at that altar. Three or four thousand years ago, had some swarthy neighbor of his suggested such a future mischance to him and the altar, he would have said *impossible*. But it was so, nevertheless, as I enjoyed thinking while I studied the hieroglyphics on his breast."

"And yet you ask me to make for you a document that will admit of your faith in its validity and perpetuity. How do you know what revolutions may overturn law, or what freak of fancy may mislead my brain, or what doubt will haunt yours, founded on some dark spot in the paper which my clerk uses to engross it, which your imagination will construe into an erasure frightfully loaded with future discussions and manifold interpretations? Make you a will that you can have faith in? My dear Sir, you are trifling with me."

My singular friend looked at me for two minutes without reply. He was manifestly examining my face, to determine whether I was serious. At length an odd smile flashed out of one corner of his right eye, and at the same time an expression of quiet satisfaction settled on his countenance.

"I understand you, and I thank you again for your frank ridicule. It will help me, I think. Stephen" (to his butler, who entered in response to the bell), "some wine and tobacco. Do you use a pipe or cigar, Sir?"

"A pipe, if you will allow me."

"Allow you! I believe there is not a cigar in the house. I took it for granted you were a man of my sort, and I only asked you because—"

"You had some little doubt about it."

"Exactly so. And now to business. If, indeed, I can call it so. For it is more to gratify a whim that I have asked you here than with the expectation of receiving any valuable aid or advice. I am afraid that my desire is out of my reach or yours. Draw your chair up to the grate. Help yourself to the Madeira. There is claret or brandy, if you prefer it. I drink no wine but the long cork."

"Nor I."

"Odd again. You learned that, of course, in travel. But, pardon me, I am wasting your valuable time, and must not detain you longer from my story."

"My dear Sir, the evening is wholly at your disposal."

"Is it so? I thank you heartily. I may then take time to relate all that I wish. Stephen, some more coal on the grate. The night is growing furious out of doors. Listen to the snow on the window. Is it not terrible? God of heaven, I shudder at the thought that my child may be out in this tempest, unclothed, unloved, desolate, forsaken, lost—lost—lost!"

HOW IT ALL HAPPENED.

Rat-tat—that's the postman—two letters for Mrs. Olinthus Lobb, Cedar Villa, Putney, and Charlotte says, "If you please, ma'am, two letters for you." Nonsense, I must be dreaming, and I shall awake to find myself still Miss Britannia Plummidge.

I have been married six weeks last Wednesday, and yet now, when any body suddenly calls me Mrs. Lobb, I have to pinch myself to make sure I am still flesh and blood. Ah! young people get accustomed to things quickly; but when you have been called by one name for forty-seven years, it seems impossible ever to change it. However, I've changed mine by a miracle.

Now I am going to tell how it all happened. Pamela and I are the daughters of a colonel in the army. He had retired as long ago as I can remember; and when he died he left us our little cottage and £60 a year. He denied himself many a comfort to do this, and the memory of our father is very dear to us. We tried to do as he would have wished us, and some years ago when Mr. Thompson, a most respectable man, but a miller, offered me his hand and heart, Pamela said, "No, we have our father's position to maintain." So I had to decline, very reluctantly I must own, for he was a widower, and my heart seemed to long to take care of those two dear little girls. After that one offer I never got another, and I began to resign myself to what seemed my ordained portion.

Binfield, where we lived, is about twenty miles from London. It was our rule to go to town twice a year to receive our dividends, to buy any special article of dress we needed, and to feast our eyes on the tempting beauties displayed in the shop windows. This had been a plan of our dear father's, and during the London day we often spoke of him—how surprised he would have been at this alteration, or that improvement, or how pleased to see something which drew forth our wonder or admiration. On this particular occasion Pam had been staying with a friend of ours at Pentonville, and we agreed that we should meet to do our business, spend the day, and return home together in the evening. Five minutes to nine the train was to start; but I was so afraid of not being in time, that I was ready at half past seven. It being ridiculous to leave home at that hour, I took up a book—not that I could read either, because of the unpleasant feeling that I might forget something which Pam would be certain to ask for. Eight o'clock struck. It would only take twenty minutes to walk slowly to the station, and I had then half an hour to spare. No matter, I would start at the quarter past, in case of accidents. And a very fortunate thing it was I did start; for I had passed Bull's Cross when I discovered I had no pocket-handkerchief. However, I had time to hurry back and put one in my pocket. Ah! how little I thought that that trifling incident would be the means of bringing about the great event of my life!

When I reached the platform I looked about, but saw nobody I knew. The guard put me into an empty carriage, and though several of our gentlemen passed they only nodded "good-morning." So alone I started, but not to remain alone long, for at every station people got in and got out until we reached Chingford. Here I thought I was to be left by myself again, but just as the train was moving off a middle-aged gentleman rushed up. The guard opened the door of my carriage, and he was obliged to jump in, making use, as I thought, of such an improper expression that if Pamela had been there she would certainly have given him in charge. But our ears often deceive us. I have since found out that he merely remarked on finding a lady alone, "*dame seule.*" Still at the time I felt rather indignant, and looked at the offender with some curiosity. He was a very thin, tall man, and so oddly dressed that I began to feel a little uncomfortable, and wish some one else was in the carriage with me. Why should he wear white trowsers? The day was not warm. Were they made of duck or jean? I suppose I must have been scanning his garb, for presently he said, in a loud voice:

"Well, Madam, may I ask if you see any thing peculiar in my dress that you are honoring it with so much attention?"

I really thought I must have sunk through the seat of the carriage. I tried to stammer out an apology, and he waved his hand with what seemed an ironical leer, saying, "Oh, no offense, no offense." Well, what with my confusion and annoyance, I was ready to faint. I felt I must have a little air, so without a thought I pulled down the window. In an instant he fired out again:

"Bless me, Madam, you are quite at liberty to commit suicide, of course, but you don't want to commit murder too."

Murder! suicide! Oh, dear, dear, what should I do? would the train never reach the next station? He must have seen my terror, for he said:

"There, there, don't look as if you thought I was mad; but if you suffered from rheumatism as I do, Madam, you'd look upon a person who put you in a draught as your natural enemy."

I certainly felt devoutly thankful now that Pamela was not with me, or there would have been quite a scene. We stopped once more and took in two ladies and a gentleman. The train moved on, and soon I heard my gruff neighbor tut-tutting, and muttering something he would do to somebody, when I discovered that his nose was beginning to bleed, and he was searching vainly in his pocket for a handkerchief. I must confess my first feeling was not one of sorrow for him. He had been what I considered offensive to me—an unprotected female with nobody to retaliate for her; but then I remembered how near I had been in a similar plight to his: had I not started at the time I did, I should have been minus a handkerchief too. I involuntarily put my hand in my pocket. Yes, there it lay neatly folded up; but I would not take it out to make matters worse by unnecessary display. At this time the poor gentleman was obliged to put his head out of the window. The ladies exchanged looks expressive of any thing but pleasure; the young man eyed him with a stare of the most profound indifference, as if it were the usual thing to travel with people who chose that their noses should bleed; and he did not desire to interfere with him, only he wished to impress upon us that *he* was at no loss, for he produced a spotless handkerchief, slowly shook it out, and used it most unnecessarily, and I thought heartlessly; and then a small voice began to whisper, "Britannia Plummidge, are you acting a Christian's part? Have you never heard a story of a good Samaritan?"

I put my hand into my pocket again; I tried to feel if it was one of my best handkerchiefs. I argued that if I had two it would be different, but you were not supposed to distress yourself for somebody you didn't know. Why, one might do nothing else but give away pocket-handkerchiefs! Then there was Pamela; she would never approve of it, and must never know of it. Oh, it was exactly like one of my Quixotic fits! I might be quite certain I was making myself ridiculous, and I resolved to entertain the notion no longer. But, in spite of trying to look at the passing scenery, and to consider what I should purchase, how best lay out my small amount of money, memory *would* recall the "sweet story of old," and I could but hang my head from a feeling that I was not one of those who tried to "go and do likewise." Without a moment's hesitation I handed my nice new handkerchief, embroidered with "B. P." in the corner, saying:

"I am afraid, Sir, you are put to inconvenience. Will you accept this? I shall not require it."

I could not see his face; but from the side glance I got, I think it wore an expression of great astonishment. However, he took the handkerchief without a word, and I quite imagined he did not intend thanking me. Presently he drew in his head, his face looking redder than ever by the close proximity of the white handkerchief, and said:

"Madam, I am obliged to you—very much obliged to you. Madam, you're an angel. You're more: you're a woman, and the only one in the carriage, too."

Here he perfectly glared at the two ladies, who didn't seem to mind it; though, had it been me, I should have felt as if I could have shrunk into a nut-shell.

We were soon at our journey's end. My companion helped me out with the greatest politeness, and then, with the manners of a courtier, said: "May I be permitted to inquire where I shall have the pleasure of returning this?" still holding the handkerchief in his hand.

Now this was embarrassing. Pamela might blame me severely; and I should never hear the last of my indelicate liberty. Yet I felt I should like to get my handkerchief back. So after a moment I told him not to trouble himself, but should he be passing the station he might give it to the guard of the Binfield train, directed to "Miss B. Plummidge, Binfield Station, to be left until called for." He lifted his hat, and I was soon looking out for an omnibus to take me to the appointed meeting-place with Pamela.

She was there, and we spent a delightful day. I experienced some little inconvenience from the want of my handkerchief, such as when Pam would tell me to take a "black" off my nose. I had then to contrive to get behind her, and furtively rub it off with my glove. Tired enough we were when we reached home that night, but we had seen plenty to think of and to talk about. The next week passed rapidly enough, when one evening, as Pam and I were taking a walk near the station, one of the porters came up and said to me:

"If you please, Miss, there's a parcel for you here. I should have brought it up, but it says, 'To be left till called for.'"

It was a large brown-paper parcel.

"There must be some mistake," I said; "mine was but a pocket-handkerchief."

I hesitated and debated; but hesitation and debating were cut short by Pam desiring the man to take the parcel to our house; and an ominous silence was maintained till we reached home.

I remember with what trepidation I then asked whether we had not better open the parcel, and see what was in it; and though Pamela was dying of curiosity, she only said she had no desire to interfere with me in such a matter. So I cut the string, and soon my bewildered eyes were fixed on a pink brocaded silk, so rich and stiff that it would have stood alone. But there was no name, no handkerchief, nothing. I couldn't describe Pamela's wrath, nor my distress. I only know that that evening I felt that henceforth I was to be regarded as a bold woman, and a disgrace to the name of Plummidge.

And what was to be done with the unfortunate parcel? I couldn't keep it, and I couldn't send it back, because I didn't know the name of the sender. Why did I lend my handkerchief? and, when I did lend it, why was I so mean as ever want to have it back again?

Matters stood thus when we received an invitation to dinner from our doctor's wife. Now, we often went out to tea, or to small evening parties; but the circle in which we moved, in Binfield, was not much given to asking friends to dine. So this was rather an event for us. Pam became a trifle more gracious, and by the day named she was almost herself. I could have hugged her, I felt so glad not to feel the Pariah I had done for the last ten days. Pam looked very well—quite handsome I thought. I am the best work-woman, and I had trimmed her black silk with some nice lace a cousin of ours had given me, and felt quite proud of my work and my sister.

I was too taken up with the delight of having all pleasant again to think much about how I looked. Besides, Pam is so clever that people were not in the habit of taking much notice of me, unless they were deaf or invalids, and then they seemed to like to talk to me. Quite prepared to enjoy myself at Dr. Fletcher's, I entered the drawing-room behind Pam, when—oh! it couldn't be—yes it was—there on the sofa sat my eccentric friend of the railway carriage. I am perfectly sure if my nerves hadn't given way I should have rushed out. As it was, every thing and every body seemed swimming about the room; a gurgling of water sounded in my ears, and a voice seemed to come from a long way off, whispering, "Mr. Olinthus Lobb, Miss Britannia Plummidge." For fully ten minutes I had not the slightest idea what any one said or did. However, when I seemed to return to the world about me, every body was talking most agreeably to every body else, and I began to breathe again, especially when I saw that my friend did not intend showing that we had ever met before. We spent a delightful evening. Pam was quite charmed with our new acquaintance. He gave way to her, agreed with her opinions, and, though he took but little notice of me, treated us both with the greatest politeness.

I declare I thought Pam had made a conquest when he insisted on seeing us home, and asked permission to call and inquire after us the next morning. Pam had found out that Mr. Lobb was an old friend of Dr. Fletcher's, and under the shield of a fiery, quick manner, and very eccentric appearance, was always doing the kindest actions, which he would never acknowledge, or permit himself to be thanked for. Mrs. Fletcher said she advised the unmarried ladies to look after him, as he was very well off, and devoted to ladies, though, from having had an early disappointment, and spending most of his life in India and China, he had never been married.

That night, when Pam had left me, I opened my drawers and looked at the pink brocade, and smiled to think that after all I might wear that "bone of contention" at Pam's wedding, and that then she might be more indulgent about my indelicate boldness in offering my handkerchief to a stranger. I made up my mind to speak to him about the parcel should I have an opportunity, as in case of nothing coming of his attentions I could send it back. But I would be very careful in my manner and in what I said, so as not to endanger my dear sister's prospects.

A week passed, and still Mr. Lobb was at Binfield. He had a room at the "Dragon," and his attentions were getting almost pointed. I never dared breathe my thoughts to Pam, not knowing how she would take it; but when it came to inviting the Fletchers and ourselves to a little picnic, and he giving Pam his arm most of the way, I began to think she must see that all this meant something. I had never been able to speak to him; but the day after the picnic he called. Pam was out, so I mustered up courage, and told him of the parcel I had received, which I was sure had come from him; and though I knew how kindly he meant it, still I thought I would rather not accept it, as—

"As what?" he said. "You think this little trifle came from me, and yet you won't accept it? Now, I tell you what it is, Miss Britannia, I will offer you something else, and if you refuse that—why, I'll—I'll burn the dress, and I'll return—no I won't—whatever comes I'll keep that handkerchief;" and upon the spot he offered me his hand and heart, and asked me to be Mrs. Lobb.

I was never more surprised, though Pam said afterward if she ever allowed thoughts of the kind to enter her mind she should have had her suspicions. But I can not tell how thankful I was to find Pam had not taken his attentions as meaning any thing but a tribute to her superiority.

I used to smile sometimes as I saw what an amusement I and my old lover were to the young people. They could not comprehend the quiet enjoyment we looked forward to in going down the hill of life together; they were rather frightened at the red face and sharp voice, and could not understand that his heart was as fresh as that of the youngest of those who laughed.

I was pleased to find that many people would miss me and be sorry to lose me; and when we were married, notwithstanding Mr. Lobb gave my old people a dinner, and my school children a treat, there were sad faces at parting. My dear husband says he is getting all his sharp edges rasped off, and he knows his friends think him henpecked, and pity him. When he allows his voice and manners to be more like his soft, tender heart, he says: "Well, well, my dear! soon there won't be much left of old Lin Lobb except his duck inexpressibles; and, I can tell you, I won't leave them off, for they first attracted the attention of the woman who has made me the happiest man in England!"

EDWIN M. STANTON.*

DURING these dark days the fortunes of the republic depended on the firmness of the attorney general, Stanton.

When the cabinet of Buchanan had become disorganized through the resignation of so many of its members, there were three things of supreme importance to the nation to be done: 1st, to secure the Secretaryship of War; 2d, to secure the Secretaryship of the Treasury; 3d, to make Washington safe from seizure.

As respects the War Office, when the defalcation in the Department of the Interior was detected, and Floyd's acceptances found in place of the stolen Indian bonds, it became impossible for that minister to continue any longer in the cabinet. With the deepest reluctance was Buchanan constrained to admit Floyd's complicity. Often was he heard by his friends to exclaim, "He can not have done it, he can not have done it!" When Floyd's letter of resignation was handed to him, foreseeing its purport, his emotion could not be concealed. His trembling hand set the crisp and crumpling sheet nearer and then farther from his eyes, which seemed to refuse their office. With difficulty he deciphered the well-known but now mazy and swimming characters. The fortunate star of the republic was for the moment in the ascendant, and, at the earnest recommendation of the attorney general, Joseph Holt, a Kentuckian, who was true to the nation, received the vacant appointment.

The peril to the republic would have been extreme had the War Office and the Treasury passed into the hands of men connected with the secession conspiracy. As respects the latter, on the resignation of Cobb, of Georgia (December 10), Mr. Thomas, who had been Commissioner of Patents, was placed in his stead; but there was reason to apprehend that Buchanan, regarding this as a temporary arrangement, might confer the office on some one who could not be trusted. The bitter altercations going on unceasingly around him perfectly unmanned him. Thus, when news came of the movement into Fort Sumter, he was sitting at the fireside in a faded dressing-gown, his slippers on his feet. At once he turned ghastly pale. With outstretched hands and in a tremulous voice, he piteously implored forbearance. Some of the conspirators were in an adjoining room.

For once, the financial embarrassments of the nation proved to be its salvation. The condition of the Treasury was deplorable. The government could do nothing without the aid of the capitalists of New York. Again the influence of the attorney general came to the public succor. Instructed partly by their own patriotism, and partly by his clear information of the existing imminent danger, a deputation of those capitalists hastened to Washington, and gave the President distinctly to understand that the Treasury Department must be placed in charge of one in whom they had confidence, and that they should not be satisfied unless John A. Dix, of their state, was selected. Hereupon Buchanan gave him the appointment.

A French writer (Laugel) says, "Stanton, Holt, and Dix saved Washington to the Union." And so, in truth, it was. The obligations of the republic to those three ministers, and especially to the first, can never be repaid. Had the Virginians succeeded in their intention and seized the city, nothing could have prevented the Mexicanization of the nation.

But the resolute action of these three determined men was signally aided by the course of the Governor of Maryland. It was the plan of the conspirators to use in their movements the Legislatures of the Border States. Hicks, the Governor of Maryland, desiring to steer a middle course, refused to call an extra session of his Legislature, though vehemently urged to that step. While he was dreaming that the great conflict might be composed through the mediation of a foreign embassador, and when he did call his Legislature together, declaring to them that "the safety of Maryland lay in maintaining a neutral position," events were rapidly marching on. Maryland, as a state, could not be brought to act Virginia would not act without her. During this condition of indecision and impediment, the three energetic cabinet ministers found means to make the capital of the nation secure.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"OVER every hotel door," remarks a disgusted sojourner at Niagara, "should be written: 'No feeing of servants allowed.'" The truth was, that after having the greenbacks freely extorted from him by experts, located at points less than ten feet apart, on the route to the Falls, he returned crest-fallen to the hotel, and attempted to get some dinner, without having beforehand quietly put some change into a waiter's hand. The result was, he could not get any thing to eat for a distressingly long while; and when he did have a little something brought to him, it was cold—all except the ice-cream, which was hot; and being unable to obtain a spoon with which to eat it, or even a knife or fork for that purpose, there was nothing to be done but to drink it if he wanted it at all. He found he had made a mistake at the beginning of the dinner.

Another, in commenting upon the vampire-like Saratogians, says that a genuine native will take a dollar for a glass of Congress water, and thank you without flinching; that if you rub against a hack its proprietor will demand three dollars, and should you smell of a banana or an orange you are gone unless you have a supply of small change; and advises all before going to Saratoga to go to a broker's and secure 1000 ten-cent stamps for the Congress-water boys, 500 quarter stamps for New York papers, boot-blacks, and cigars; 250 fifty-cent stamps for waiters, bows and arrows, ten-pins, and billiards; 100 dollar bills for chamber-maids, neck-ties, and barbers; and 20 five-dollar bills for wine, hack hire, etc.

Nevertheless, there is no lack of accommodations at Saratoga, with its three dozen hotels, and numerous cottages; only the sharpers must be made to understand that one has traveled before, and knows his rights.

Mount Desert Island is a favorite resort of New Englanders. It is a sightly spot, located in Frenchman's Bay, east of the mouth of the Penobscot River. There is a tradition that the island was discovered by a Frenchman by the name of Des Arts; and hence the natives place an emphatic accent upon the final syllable. The island is about 60,000 acres in extent; and the view from Green Peak, a mountain 1800 feet high, is exceedingly wild and romantic. There are two hotels at Southwest Harbor, and six at Bar Harbor; and as something like a thousand permanent visitors (for the season) are reported at these two places, and more have applied but can not find accommodations, it is proposed to have some new houses built before another summer. At Mount Desert the fishing is unsurpassed, and bathing and driving are popular amusements.

Not less than forty thousand persons are said to have visited Long Branch last summer; and, if present indications are to be relied upon, the number will be greater this year. Hotels and cottages are full, and an animated scene may be witnessed every day on the arrival of the trains.

Before the opening of the Methodist camp-meeting at Sing Sing this year quite a village had sprung up in the grove. It is about thirty-six years since the Methodists of New York city and vicinity began to hold camp-meetings upon this ground; consequently those who have grown up in the habit of resorting there every year feel a strong attachment to the spot; and it has become a custom with many to pitch their tents there several weeks before the meeting, and to remain after its close.

Almost every body has heard of the "old silver trumpet," whose clarion call still rings as clear as ever through the camp-grounds. It is a genuine trumpet, of solid silver, twenty-six inches long, and of elegant figure and great purity and sonority of tone. On its tube is engraved the inscription: "Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain." This trumpet is much older than this camp-meeting.

The Louisville *Courier* gives an account of the shocking death of a Catholic priest, by accidental burning. It states that it had been the custom of the priest—B. J. Spaulding—to keep a gas-light, with a sliding tube, burning in his bedroom at night. It seems that, during the night, the tube slipped down and came in contact with the mosquito bar. In a few moments the bed-clothing caught fire; and when the unfortunate man awoke, he was enveloped in flames. He managed to extinguish the fire on his person, but not until his flesh was shockingly burned. In his terrible agony he rushed into the bath-room adjoining, and bathed in cold water, which had the effect of intensifying his sufferings. His calls for help soon brought a friend to his room, and medical aid was promptly summoned; but before the arrival of the doctors he became frantic with pain, and a second time immersed himself in the bath-tub. On the arrival of the physicians the proper remedies were applied for his relief, but to no purpose. He lingered in great agony until death relieved him of his suffering. His resort to water is supposed to have caused the fatal result.

New York, as well as several other cities, has been greatly excited in regard to the cattle plague, which has been very fatal among Western herds transported hither. Beef has been at a discount in our markets—more probably from mere apprehension than from any well-grounded belief that any diseased meat will be offered for sale at a respectable market. The details of this malignant disease have probably been published in every newspaper throughout the country. At present the matter is receiving the strictest and most careful attention from the Metropolitan Board of Health. The diseased animals have been killed, orders issued to prevent the transportation of any sick or infected cattle; disinfectants are used wherever needed, and the most stringent regulations issued in regard to the offering of any portion of diseased animals as food. This will be regarded as a culpable offense, and will be punished with the heaviest penalties the law allows.

During the week ending August 8 there were 751 deaths in New York city. Of these no less than 538 were children under five years of age. This mortality is largely due to the impure and injurious food consumed. Unripe and decaying fruits and vegetables are offered for sale and recklessly eaten. It should be a punishable offense to offer for sale any kind of unwholesome food.

After much contradictory gossip about the matter, Mlle. Adelina Patti has become the Marquise de Caux. The marriage took place in London, on the 29th of July, at the Roman Catholic chapel of St. Mary, Clapham Park. Her husband, the Marquis de Caux, is a nobleman attached to the Imperial Court of France. He is about forty-two years old, and his bride twenty-five. The marriage ceremony was short, and, of course, performed in Latin. The bride wore a robe of white satin, seen through a covering of white tulle, and her head was adorned by a wreath of orange blossoms, from which fell a veil of rich Brussels lace, descending almost to her feet. She looked extremely well and in most cheerful spirits. Her bridemaids were attired in white muslin trimmed with blue satin; their head-dresses consisting of elegantly-shaped bonnets to correspond, ornamented with the same colored ribbon, and surmounted with a luxuriant display of forget-me-nots. It is announced that Madame de Caux is to commence a short engagement at Homburg on the 15th of August; and will shortly reappear at the Italian Opera of Paris, and also fulfill her engagement at St. Petersburg.

Omaha has twelve churches and two wide business avenues full of stores. There are three large hotels in the place, fifty lawyers, twenty-five physicians, one Republican and one Democratic daily paper. The schools are not yet as well organized as they should be, but the people seem thoroughly interested in educational matters. The city lies 967 feet above the sea; the air is very dry and invigorating—excellent for consumptives.

Fifteen hundred people dined at Congress Hall, Saratoga, one day last week.

Encke's celebrated comet will make its appearance about the last of August, according to the best calculations. It passes around the sun once in a little more than three years. This comet was discovered by M. Melthoin, of the Paris Observatory, in *Aquarius* in 1786; by Miss Caroline Herschel, of England, in *Cygnus* in 1795; by M. Bouvard, of Paris, in *Ursa Major* in 1805; and by M. Pons, of Marseilles, in 1818. Upon this last discovery, M. Encke, of Berlin, whose name it bears, calculated with great exactness the elements of its motion, and found them to coincide with the elements of the previous comets, thereby establishing their identity, and also he calculated that the comet moved round the sun in about twelve hundred days. He predicted that it would return to its perihelion in 1822. This prediction was verified by M. Bumker at New South Wales, who discovered it in that part of the southern heavens which Encke had previously indicated.

A total eclipse of the sun will occur on August 18. No smoked glass will be needed in this vicinity, however. It will be visible (?) in many parts of the Eastern hemisphere.

According to the Nashville *Gazette*, a mysterious robbers' cave has been discovered in the vicinity of Carthage, Tennessee, on the banks of the Cumberland River. The attention of some boys who were fishing was attracted by seeing baskets lowered by ropes from the rocks above. The children concealed themselves and patiently watched for further developments. The baskets continued to ascend and descend, and finally, toward night, a suspicious-looking man came out of the cave, got into one of the baskets, and was drawn to the top of the precipice. The boys imparted this information to men in the neighborhood, and early the next morning investigations led to the discovery of an immense cavern. This cavern the men explored but a short distance when they were startled by the groans of a human voice coming from a dark recess in the cavern, and the emaciated and almost lifeless form of a man stretched upon a heap of straw, and securely tied with ropes, was found. He was immediately rescued, and medical attention provided; but as yet appears unable or unwilling to tell the awful secrets of his prison.

A sarcastic writer, commenting on ladies and their toilets at watering-places, remarks: "Men do not faint; ladies do, whenever they are not attired in their new, white, snowy muslins. Natural instinct keeps them up if any very pretty thing they have on would not bear the dash of a basin of cold water. The frill, flounce, and puff style abhors crumpling as naturally as mad dogs do the river."

The tropical heats of July are said to have literally burned up the crops throughout a large portion of the Russian Empire. Indications show that there will be great distress if not a positive famine there during the coming winter. In France, however, the harvests will be uncommonly fine. The wine crop in particular will not only be one of the most abundant ever known, but will be superior in quality.

The statistics of the Labor Exchange in San Francisco give some interesting and curious facts in regard to the different prices paid to mechanical laborers. For example: bell-makers have $2 00 a day; bell-hangers, picture-frame makers, and varnishers, $2 50 a day; stone-cutters and wagon-makers, $4 00 a day; carpenters, from $3 00 to $4 50 a day; bricklayers, plasterers, and machinists, $5 00 a day; and smelters, $7 00 a day. They are paid in gold.

A visitor at Stamford, Connecticut, says that if some of the mosquitoes there were only painted with the right colors he should mistake them for canary-birds, they are so sizable and musical. The supposition is that they do not bite—canary-birds never do!

The Early Rose Potato has been, and still is, a subject of interest among agriculturists. This variety of potato was originated by Albert Brezee, of Rutland County, Vermont, in 1861. After being tested three years it was offered for sale. The demand became so great that the potatoes sold by the pound at almost fabulous prices. They are reported to be two or three weeks earlier than any other variety, excellent in quality, and very productive.

Among certain Amazonian tribes the Indian bridegroom is subjected to a singular test. On the day of his marriage, while the wedding festivities are going on, his hand is tied up in a paper bag filled with fire-ants. If he bears this torture smilingly and unmoved he is deemed fit for the trials of matrimony.

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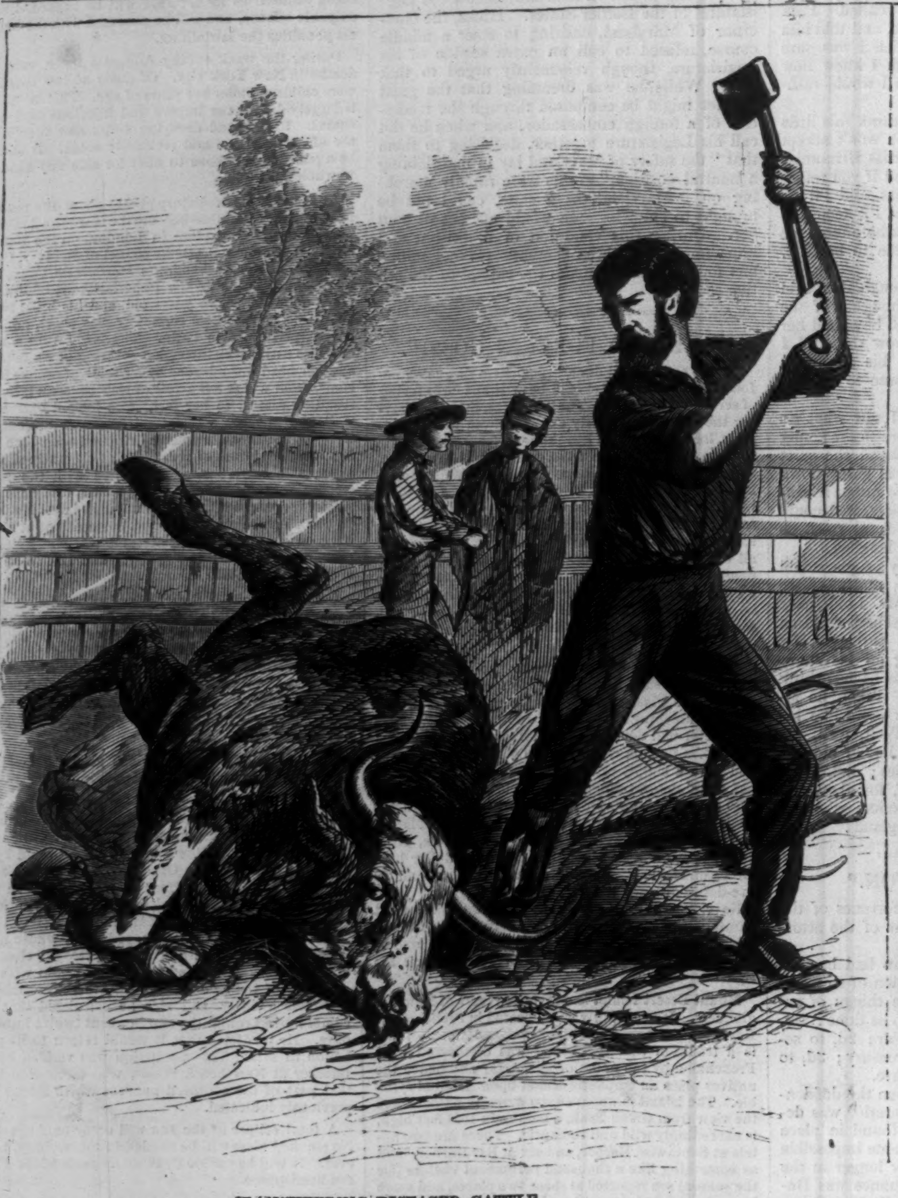
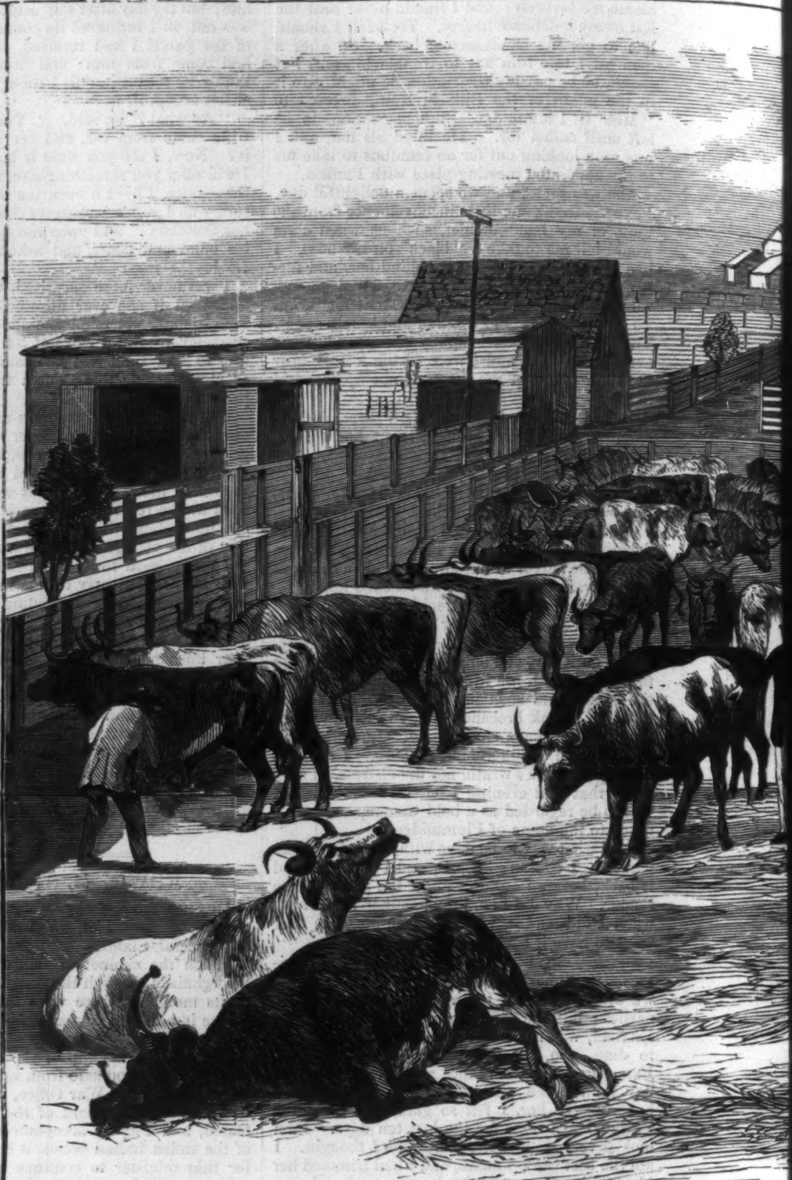
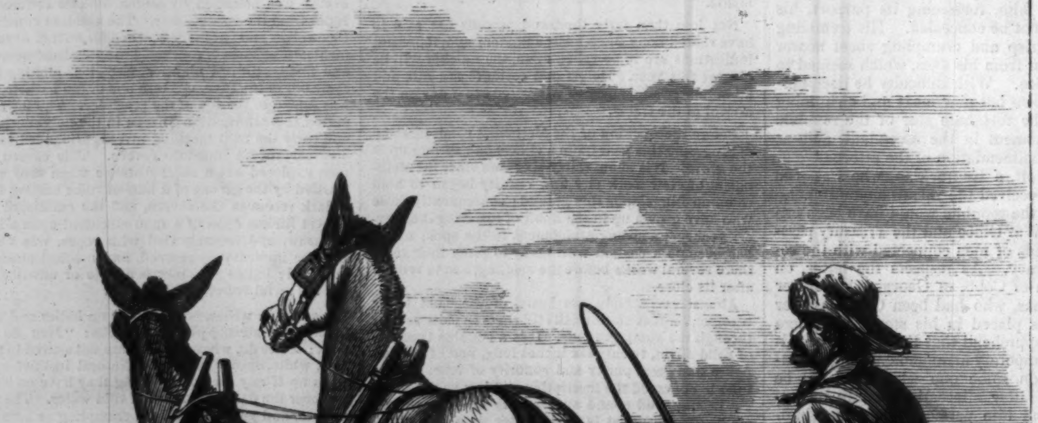
* Extract from Vol. II. of Dr. DRAPER'S *History of the American Civil War*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS.



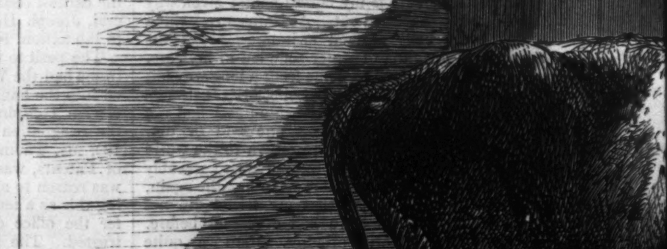
SLAUGHTERING DISEASED CATTLE.



SICK AND DYING CATTLE AT

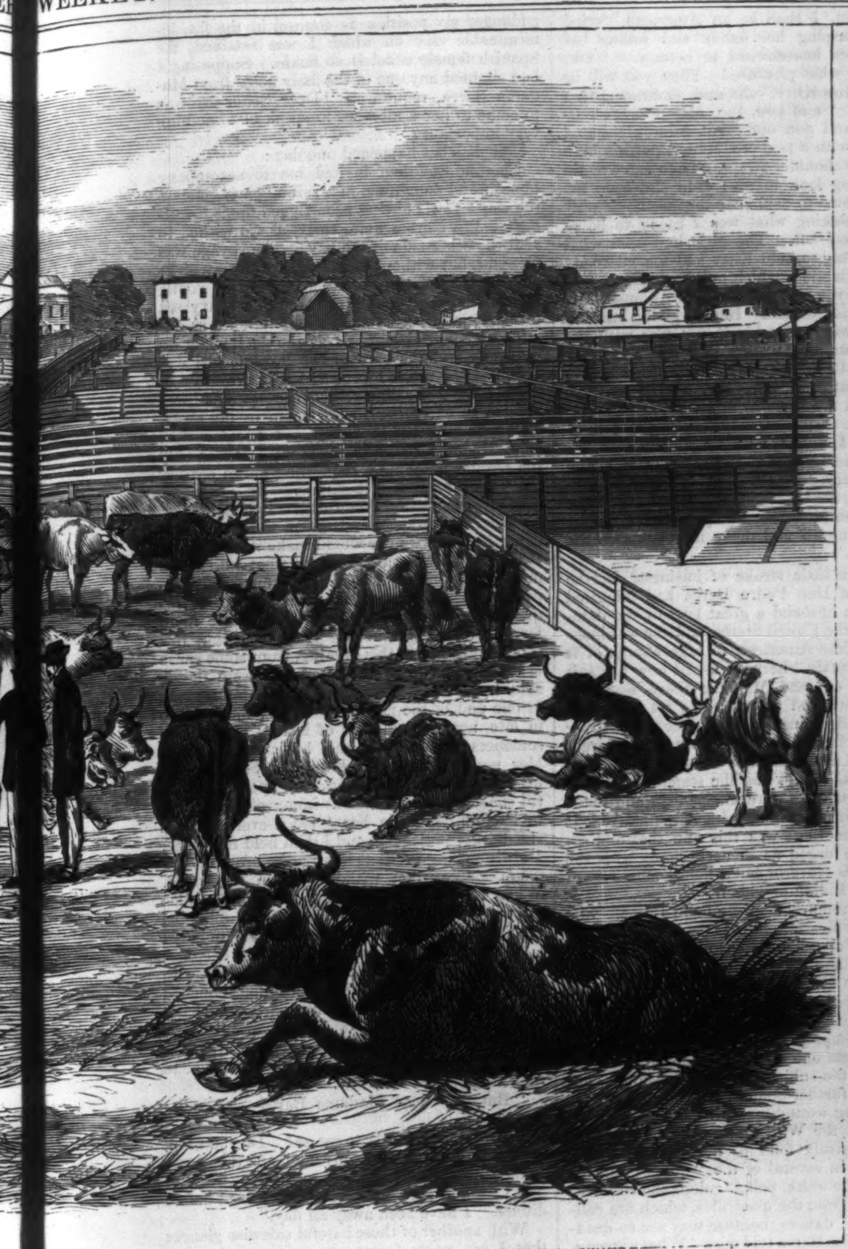


DRAGGING DEAD CATTLE TO THE VATS.

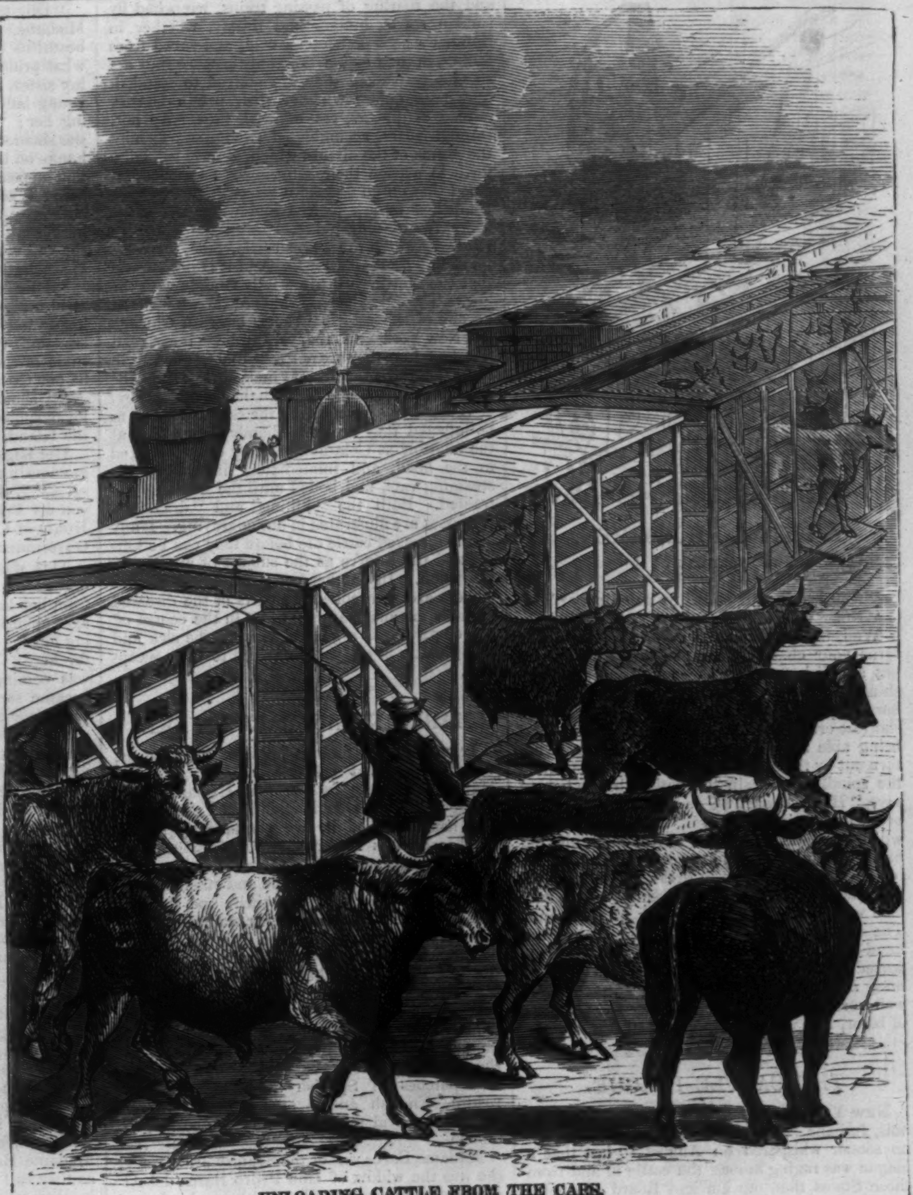


CATTLE DYING IN T

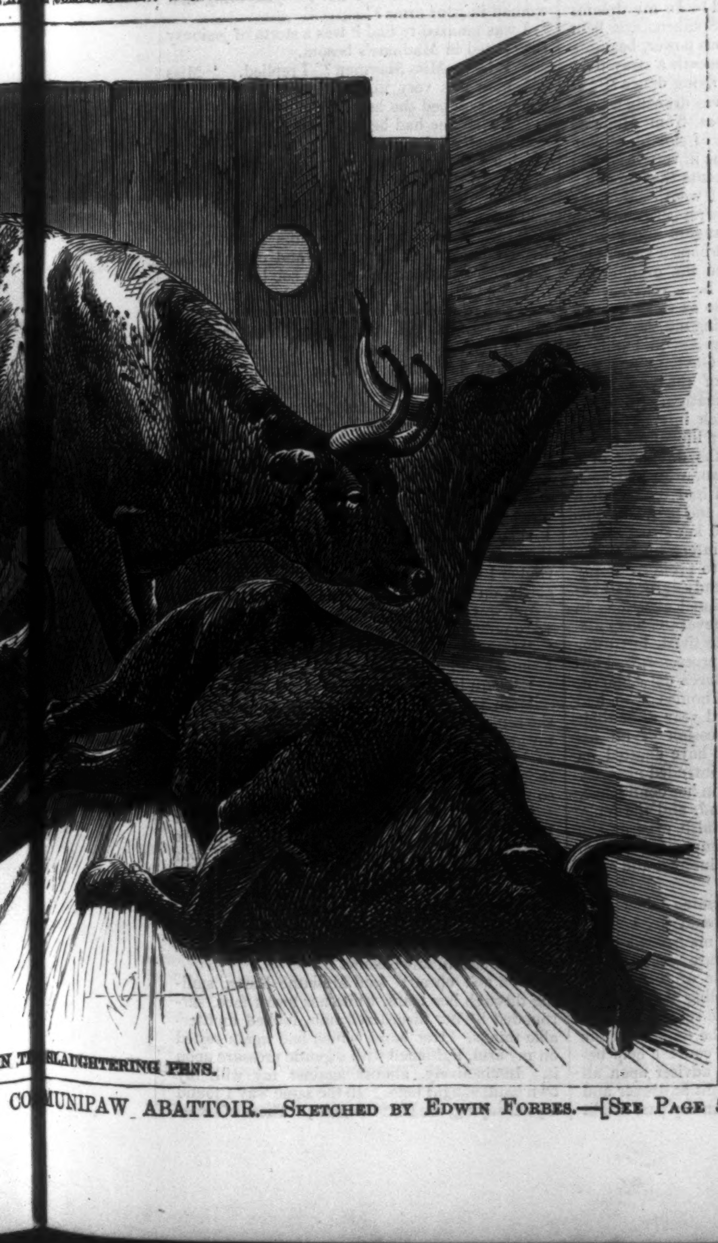
THE CATTLE PLAGUE—SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT THE CO



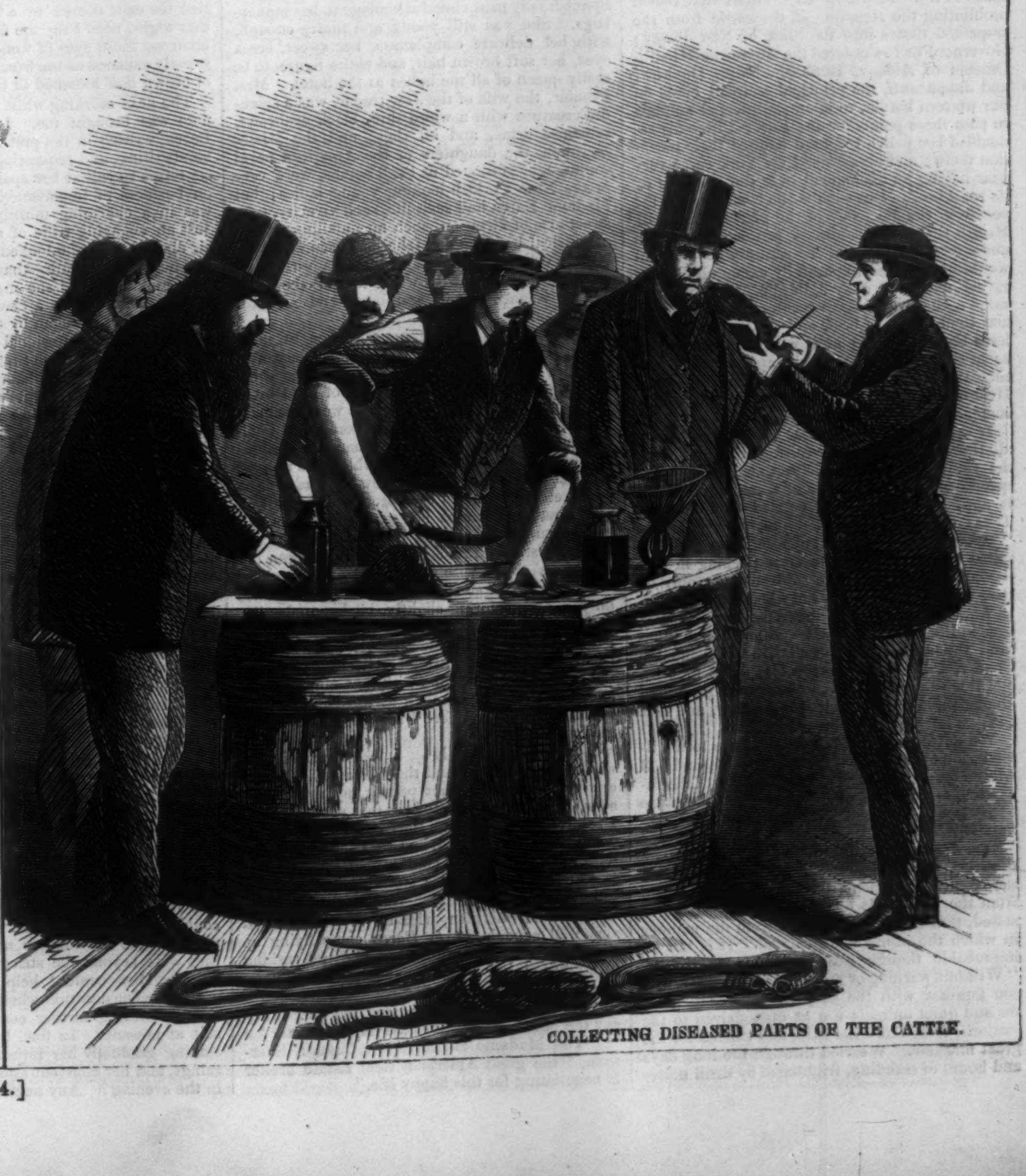
AT THE COMMUNIPAW DROVE-YARDS.



UNLOADING CATTLE FROM THE CARS.

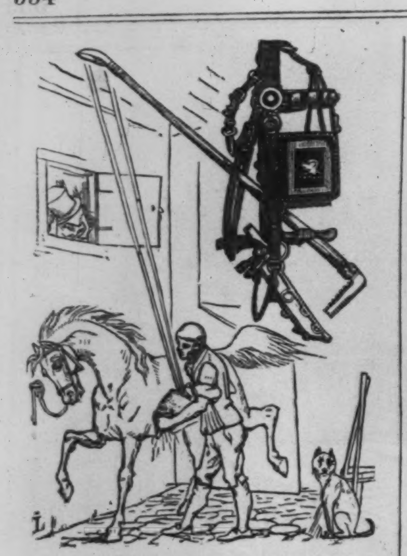


N THE SLAUGHTERING PENS.



COLLECTING DISEASED PARTS OF THE CATTLE.

COMMUNIPAW ABATTOIR.—SKETCHED BY EDWIN FORBES.—[SEE PAGE 554.]



A HINT TO HORSEMEN.

"Do you bruise your oats?"

"Yes."

"And brush your horses by machinery?"

"No. Who ever thought of such a thing?"

Well, try; and make the same fly-wheel that turns your chaff-cutting machinery do duty to put a polish on your chestnuts, and they will shine like satin. Hair-brushing by machinery is hardly applicable to human heads; none but the shortest crop of bristles and the toughest of skins being able to support it; while fine hair, if not torn out by the roots, is apt, if long, to get round the spindle and scalp the patient before he can say, "Hold, enough!"—a thing not likely to occur in dressing the horse. Grooms, of course, will for a time be against the method, and old hands sadly bothered to use the rotating brush; but with several horses to dress, the saving will be great, the flying polisher passing over the surface with ten times the velocity of the hand. The use of the machine would not abolish the hand-brush, any more than the lawn-mower supersedes the occasional use of the shears for trimming round shrubs and borders. The scheme is well worth a trial. It saves seventy-five per cent. of labor, and with far more brilliant results.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

New York gets its beef principally from Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, and Texas; and it was no sooner whispered on August 10 last that a plague was raging among the cattle in and from those States than our efficient Board of Health summarily put all beef into quarantine. The sale of cattle from those States was prohibited; in many instances drovers were required to repurchase from the butchers, and consign their cattle to the "soap-fat man;" orders were issued prohibiting the reception of the cattle from the suspected States into the State of New Jersey; Governor Fenton ordered the Mayors and Health Officers of Albany, Buffalo, Elmira, Dunkirk, and Jamestown, the principal railroad cities on our western border, to allow no infected animals to pass these points for the East; Pittsburg redoubled her police to guard against their reception there; and altogether New York came very near having an excitement over the stopping of its roast beef. But such is the confidence of the people in the efficiency of the present Board of Health that these summary proceedings, which under former systems of city sanitary government would have served to painfully excite all classes, rather tended to allay agitation. Hitherto the same action would have resulted in the sudden and total disuse of beef, and the markets would have been deserted; as it was the demand was as great as ever, the people apparently feeling that the vigilance and energy of the Board of Health was sufficient guarantee of the wholesomeness of the market supplies.

It appears that this disease, now prevalent in all the Northwest cattle-raising districts, is not the rinderpest or the pleura-pneumonia, but a species of infectious fever of a malignant type. It appears to have been carried to Illinois by Texas cattle, and is, therefore, known as the "Texas fever." Some suppose it to have resulted originally from the close packing in cars to which the animals are subjected not only on their way to this market, but when being conveyed from various parts of the West to the pasturages in Illinois and Indiana. About thirty thousand Texas cattle have been taken to Champaign County, Illinois, during the last three months, and it is supposed that the disease was generated among these during their long journey, and that the rest have been infected with it.

We devote a large part of our space to the illustration of this subject. On pages 552 and 553 will be found a number of illustrations of the reception, appearance, and disposition of the cattle—the good, bad, and indifferent—at the Communipaw abattoirs.

One of these, the first in the natural order of the story, though not first in the arrangement of the pictures, represents the "unloading of cattle from the cars." It has been argued, as before stated, that this disease results from the manner in which the animals are carried. It is not an improbable though generally disputed theory. "Without warning or preparation," writes a person familiar with the subject, "the well-cared-for and quiet animals are at once driven to the stations, forced into the cars, and started for the great markets. Wearied through the long days and hours of standing, frightened by shrill noises and the roaring of passing trains, wrenched by sudden starts, hungry and thirsty, whether in summer's heat or winter's cold, and saved from falling, in their exhaustion, only because they are so closely packed they are obliged to stand, it may be inquired whether their prison-houses, named cattle-cars, reeking with filth, have not, through years, accumulated from these agonies the germs of the disease which, at last, has burst forth to avenge their sufferings." It is understood that on all Northern roads the drovers are compelled by law to feed and water the cattle every twenty-four hours, but on the Southern roads, by which the Texas cattle come, there are no such wise regulations. And it is not certain that the Northern drovers fully comply with the law. The only place at which cattle are watered on one of the principal routes between Chicago and New York—a four days' journey—is at Crestline, and there they are not *fed;* and frequently, in order that the company may make up lost time, the animals go unwatered through their long journey.

When cattle received by the cars are found to be infected they are immediately slaughtered at the abattoir at Communipaw, by being knocked in the head, and immediately dragged to the steaming vats, and boiled until the grease is extracted. Both the "killing" and "dragging" processes are illustrated in our engraving. Many of the diseased cattle die before they can be killed, and these serve as the subject of another illustration. In another cut the Board of Health officers are seen collecting parts of the diseased animals for analyzation; while in the centre of the engraving is a general view of the sick and dying cattle in the yards devoted to their reception.

MARRYING AN EARTHQUAKE.

It was in the famous hotel of St. Thomas, West Indies, that I first saw Madame Barca. Many of the residents of that Hispano-Dano-Niggery-Yankee-Doodle island, as a clever traveler has described it, live permanently at this hotel, which is remarkable for exhibiting the strangest juxtaposition of splendor and squalor, luxury and discomfort, bustle and stagnant dullness, fashion and vulgarity, thrift and shiftlessness, the whole institution being eminently representative of the conglomerate little purchase of Mr. Seward. The town is lovely viewed from the sea, disgusting when actually visited; the high parts of it are resorted to by invalids for its salubrity, its docks are speedy death to unacclimated seamen; the government is Danish, the language is Spanish, the business is Yankee, and the society is eclectic, being composed of shreds and patches of Spanish aristocracy, Hebrew wealth, English and Scotch colonialism, and American naval and money-making cosmopolitanism.

Madame Barca was of the Spanish aristocracy, she was the widow of Don Pedro Barca del Algarva, and was immensely wealthy in lands and sugar plantations. The sugar plantations did not produce much nowadays, but her territorial possessions were vast and valuable. So those who had no eye for the "blood" in the little Spanish lady paid cheerful homage to her money-bags. She was still young and pretty enough, with her delicate complexion, her sweet, black eyes, her soft brown hair, and petite figure, to be easily queen of all the ladies at the hotel. Mrs. Pinhoir, the wife of the Jew trader, was a splendid creature with a white skin, black eyebrows, immense arms, and all that; and the Misses Sherman, the daughters of the American naval commander stationed at St. Thomas, were very pretty New Yorkish-looking young ladies; but Madame Barca had such life, such vivacity, such sweet arts of flirtation, such an unfailing stream of musical bad English (she had been sent to a New York boarding-school when a girl), and such a knowledge of the world that all the other women seemed stupid and bread-and-butterish beside her.

I was placed directly opposite her at table when I first came to the hotel. I had heard all about *la Barca* before I went there from some friends of mine among the officers of the United States steamer *Tuscahatchie*, who were intimate with her, and I was, therefore, somewhat fortified against the sweet, but rather ostentatious and overdone confusion, with which she noticed my presence at dinner as her new *vis-à-vis*. She was prettily dressed in the purest and freshest of white, and as she took her seat with smiles and good-evenings to all and pushed down the voluminous starched folds of her dress between her neighbors' chairs with a thousand little laughing "Excuse me's," she bent a long but timid glance on me, and, coloring slightly, bit her under lip, as if she feared she had made too much stir and perhaps annoyed the new gentleman. Several times during dinner, after her liveliest sallies in the talk, she honored me with that same furtive, apologetic glance, as much as to say, "I didn't mean to; it came before I thought; don't judge me harshly."

I judge her harshly! I was charmed, bewitched, conquered, and though my cold Northern propriety would not permit my eyes, right at table, to "look love to eyes that spoke again," I resolved that Madame Barca and I were to become better acquainted, and that she should flirt with me to her heart's content.

After dinner as I was standing in the parlor talking with the Misses Sherman and their papa, Commander Sherman, with all of whom I was very well acquainted, *la Barca* came flying up the room, her skirts fluttering like the rushing of mighty pinions. She burst impetuously upon Captain Sherman.

"Oh pray, Mr. Commandator, tell me. They say the Secretary Seward buys San Thomas?"

"Yes, Madame Barca," says Captain Sherman, "the great American Real Estate broker is negotiating for this happy isle."

"Oh, then, I shall be an American," cried Madame, clasping her hands and rolling her beautiful eyes heavenward in ecstasy. "Oh, what pride! what pleasure! Then you will be my sister, Miss Kitty," she said, embracing that young lady; "and you, too, Miss Flora," kissing her; "and you our great Admiralissimo," she shouted with a peal of laughter, putting both hands on his shoulder-straps. Then came again that appealing look to me: Had she been too bold? it seemed to ask. As for me, I was only anxiously thinking what was *I* going to be to her? for I was left. The girls had seen what she was coming to, and Kitty had me all ready for the introduction, which now took place.

"I make you welcome to San Thomas, Mr. Browne," said Madame Barca, giving me her hand, and looking frankly in my eyes with the sweetest of smiles. "How do you like the new State of the United States? Will you come to be our Governor, Mr. Browne?"

"I should much prefer attaching myself as a loyal subject to the already reigning Queen of the Island," I replied, with a low bow.

Her Highness was pleased to smile at this, and graciously returned me a most sweeping courtesy. "Well, Sir Browne," she added, "I make you my Prime Minister; and you shall go to the House of Congress and make my claims on the Government."

This was a little stroke of business, for the fair widow of Don Pedro Barca had inherited from her late husband a great lawsuit for damages against the United States, and she was looking out for some American to take charge of it for her. Captain Sherman asked how her suit was coming on, and Madame Barca suddenly became serious and proceeded to set forth in a very clear and business-like manner the existing state of the litigation. Her case, it appeared, was very well made out, and was simple, straightforward work, except that the statement, affidavits, and arguments were in Spanish, and made altogether from the stand-point of the native. It seemed to me there was this and that and so-and-so to be urged as in accordance with the United States Government's policy with regard to our West Indian neighbors.

And so I remarked to Madame Barca. She listened with pleased and serious attention, and I soon found myself talking to her like a lawyer to his client, and her listening to me like a lone widow to her adviser and protector. But business is one thing and friendship is another, and Madame Barca was lady enough to see that she was making improper use of an evening conversation, and, though deeply interested, abruptly turned from the subject, saying she should consult with me further upon it.

The evening wound up with dancing, as it always does in the West Indies, the ladies there are so excessively fond of it. I danced with Madame Barca several of the "quick" dances, as they call the waltz, polka, galop, and so forth, in distinction from the quadrilles, which are called the "dead" dances (because they are so deadly dull, Madame Barca told me). What a strong, supple, graceful dancer she was! We seemed hardly to touch the earth; it was like being carried through the air by a bird! In my dreams that night, need I say the fair Southron ever bent upon me those eyes of wondrous power, beaming sweetly askance at me from beneath a stray tress of brown hair loosened in the flying dance?

The next morning while I was dressing a little note was brought me. It was from Madame Barca, written in the prettiest of sloping Italian handwriting, and requesting me in very brief and set terms to call at her apartments that morning on business of importance. I went. Madame was in a charming morning-wrapper, and with just an engaging trifle of a languid and *negligé* air about her. She looked perhaps a shade older—no, more mature—than on the evening before, and I guessed she must be a year beyond thirty. Drawing up a chair so as to sit exactly opposite me, she began by telling me she desired to engage my professional services in her lawsuit against the United States Government. She gave me the whole history of the case, with great clearness and infinite animation. Naturally enough, as I was getting much interested, she glided into the story of her own life, and I learned that Madame Barca was the daughter of a wealthy Costa Rican gentleman, who had been beggared by a revolution, and had died with a broken heart. The eloquence and pathos of this part of her story, her tears, and her sweet smiles as she dried them, were very interesting, to say the least, and I was impelled to proffer her my sincere sympathy, as I had already agreed to bestow my most earnest professional exertions in her behalf. She had resolved never to marry after her father's reverses while he lived, but after his death, being left without a protector, had accepted the offer of Don Pedro Barca del Algarva, a wealthy old planter of St. Thomas, who had died two years ago, in the third year after their marriage, leaving her in possession of all his property. I believe she would have chatted on till dinner-time had not a caller intruded upon us. I left her feeling myself deeply in her confidence, and the press she gave my hand, and the long, searching look from those Spanish eyes as she closed the door, expressed an implicit, nay even a somewhat tender, trust in my interest and sympathy.

How could I refuse my charming client such poor comfort as my sympathy would give? How could I decline to execute the many little commissions she intrusted to my care, even though they were beyond the strict pale of the case in hand? How could I help calling daily at her rooms for consultation when she sent for me, although nothing further could be done with the suit at present? In fine, how could I help becoming gradually her intimate adviser upon all things, and her constant attendant at dinner and in the evening? Any neglect on my part might endanger my position as counsel in the fat, interminable case on which I was retained, the Spanish female mind is so fickle. Supposing I had slighted any one of the daily notes from Madame Barca, requesting "Dear Señor Browne to come to her a moment to speak of something very important?"

This is what happened one day:

Captain Sherman invited me to accompany himself and daughters on a sailing party, one of the ship's yawls having been rigged up as a sail-boat. We started quite early, as we wished to visit the other side of the bay. The voyage was pleasant, but without incident, save the sea-sickness of Miss Kitty, the elder of the two young ladies, who was unable to stand the heavy sea raised by a sudden squall. Her father was detained by official business at the dock when we returned, and the care of the helpless girl was devolved on me. I procured a conveyance to the hotel, but her illness was so severe that I was obliged to carry her to her room in my arms. This was just before dinner. I found a note from Madame Barca in my room. It was only the regular daily note, requesting me to see her on "very important business." It had come just after I left in the morning. I thought it of no great importance, and that a word with Madame Barca at dinner would make it all right.

How little we can be aware what hurricanes may be impending unseen above our heads (especially in the West Indies) this story of earthquake and hurricane will show nowhere more forcibly than right here. There were but few people at the table this evening, from some cause or other. None of the Shermans were there; Mrs. Pinhoir was absent, and I was almost alone at one end of the room. Madame Barca came in late, not the sunburst of beauty and blitheomeness she usually was, but pale and still. Her mouth was set and angry. She avoided my eyes, fixing hers immovably upon her chair till she got to it, and then as immovably upon the table-cloth. I bade her "Good-evening," but she did not notice me, and I then held my peace. Hardly tasting of what was put before her, Madame Barca soon withdrew from the table. When I came into the parlor I saw her outline at one of the windows, the room being unlighted and empty. I approached her and said, quietly:

"Madame Barca, is any thing amiss?"

Those wondrous eyes of hers were terrible with hate and fury now. I am afraid I almost quailed beneath their fierce, threatening glare. She burst out with

"Mr. Browne, you have insulted me. Go your ways! No man shall do again such insolence to me!"

"But, my dear Madame Barca—" I stammered.

"How dare you talk to me so? Do you think me a child? You insult my note, and then come to me this way!"

"I did not see your note till a moment before dinner. I have been away all day."

With another of those hateful sidewise glances that I can never forget, she said, nodding her head slowly, "Do you think I don't know where you have been? Did I not see you bring that woman in your arms?"

I was amazed to find it was a storm of jealousy that raged in Madame's bosom.

"Who? Miss Sherman?" I replied. "Miss Sherman was very ill, sea-sick in a squall that nearly swamped the boat."

"I wish she had been drowned! Oh, I wish you were both drowned in that water!" answered Madame Barca, rising and pointing with a wild gesture to the harbor, and glaring into my face.

"Madame," said I, utterly dumfounded, "I will leave you then."

I turned to go, when Madame Barca threw herself back upon her chair, and covering her face with both hands, began to sob loudly.

I stopped, for I could not find it in my heart to leave the poor little lady in this unhappy plight. Luckily I had soon a pretext for speaking to her.

"Pray be calm, Madame Barca," I said; "some one is coming."

She hushed immediately, though not without difficulty. It was only a servant with lights. I ordered him to wait a while, and he withdrew again. I went and stood at the window by Madame Barca.

She continued to weep bitterly, and I was perplexed what to do. If I attempted to soothe her, I should only be repulsed and contemned, I thought. I was still debating with myself what course I should pursue when I felt her hand laid softly on my arm. Her face, glistening with tears, was lifted appealingly to me, and her eyes were now filled with a sad sweetness.

"Can you forgive me?" she asked. "I have been very angry and very wicked."

"There is nothing to forgive," I answered.

"Oh yes, there is a great deal, a great deal," she said, again hiding her face. "I have wronged my good friend. Oh, Mr. Browne, you have been so kind, so generous, so noble to me that the thought of your being indifferent distressed me so much!"

"I am not, I could not be indifferent, dear Madame Barca," I replied. "I should have hastened to see you this morning, had I got your note." My anxiety to comfort her was running away with my discretion, and I went on, "It is my chiefest pleasure to do your service. I have often feared that I have taken up too much of your attention. But something has told me I was not wholly unwelcome."

"Oh no! oh no!" said Madame Barca, smiling through her tears, while her sweet face, surrounded by her disordered hair, looked unutterable things. Her hand, which had again rested on my arm, tightened with a gentle pressure upon it. Instinctively, almost against my will, my own hand sought hers. In the same way I found myself saying, the next moment, "There *is* something stronger than a mere business tie between us. Why should we not confess it?"

Still keeping her hand, I stepped out upon the balcony, and we seated ourselves in the corner furthest from the window.

"Why should we not acknowledge it?" I repeated, desperately; for, though I am a coward in such extreme moments, I felt that I was in for it now. I passed my hand around her waist, and she pressed closer to me, and her face burying itself in my bosom was her reply.

How long we sat this way I can not tell. She did not move, and seemed to be in perfect peace and happiness. For me, I thought of home, my country, my long-cherished plans of business, and the aims I had set on a career in society and politics, and how this unlooked-for West Indies love affair was to affect them all. Was I happy? Could this impetuous Spanish woman's love, with its tropical storms as well as warmth, compensate for all that was gone? I confess I turned my chin in the tangled hair of the fair head upon my breast to look at the mansion upon the heights over the bay buried in rich groves of bread-fruit and orange-trees, and reckoned the amount of pleasure the possession of it would bring me, and questioned whether I should not gaze with truer happiness upon the trees in Trinity Church-yard from my law-office window. Which was the road to life-long happiness, up the hills to the mansion, in due time, or down to the dock to-night, to the English steamer, which sailed on the morrow for Havana?

The head lifted, the face turned all its sweetness again upon me—white arms were wound about my neck. "My love!" I murmured, and kissed her. One long embrace, another kiss, and she was gone. As she disappeared in the window, with a tender look over her shoulder, I saw how it was. I loved her eyes, and was happy as long as their light beamed upon me.

They did beam upon me with undimmed splendor now for many pleasant weeks, and I was happy enough. The courtship was like the long summer of the tropics, or say it was the Caribbean trade-wind of love. The affair was much talked about at St. Thomas when the match came out, and I believe public opinion was divided as to whether I was a "lucky dog" or not. Whatever Mrs. Grundy might have said, every body came to the wedding—the American naval aristocracy from the port, the Yankee sutlering aristocracy from the town, the Spanish Hidalgo aristocracy from the plantations, and the Danish aristocracy from the custom-house. We retired at once to our villa, and I was installed as monarch of all I surveyed on one of the finest plantations in the West Indies. Lovely groves of bread-fruit-trees, mangoes, orange-trees, pines, limes, and so forth, were mine, so that I could

> "Walk all day, like the Sultan of old, in a garden
> of spice."

This was all very delightful. Madame was sweet and happy during the honey-moon, and I was rapidly becoming completely resigned to settling down to a life of indolence and luxury under a broad-rimmed Panama hat. True, thoughts of the rainy season shortly to come, and of the day when the terrific lightnings of Madame's eyes should break forth, sometimes disturbed my siestas. But I had not long to anticipate the day of evil.

It came like a thunder-bolt out of a clear sky. We were sitting, just before night, on the veranda overlooking the bay, enjoying the refreshing sea-breeze. Suddenly the floor beneath our feet rose and fell. Madame was thrown from her seat upon her face. I started up, but could not take a step before I was prostrated also. The stone-walls above our heads bulged and cracked and grated. The terror-stricken negroes and cattle were flying in every direction, and adding their shrieks and cries to the thunder that rolled under the ground. It was an earthquake. Though almost paralyzed with terror myself amidst the din, darkness, confusion, and impending destruction, I contrived to raise up my wife, and bore her, fainting and helpless, over the shaking ground away from the house. It was my intention to take the carriage and make for the bay, where we could take refuge on board one of the ships. But neither by threats nor entreaties could I procure the assistance of any of the negroes, who were flying from the place. So we started away on foot, the ground shuddering and leaping under our feet like a frightened horse. We were not too soon. Scarcely had we gained the open road when a shock of terrible power came, and we heard the crash of the falling walls of our villa. A small stone-house near the road, used for a resting-place on the way up the mountain, went down in this shock before our eyes, the stones flying from the walls as if from the effects of an explosion. What a night was that for my poor wife! Her terror was greater than mine and continually urged her forward over the rough road; but her delicate frame was not equal to the demands made upon it, and between her mental and physical sufferings she became a most pitiable wreck. Her Jesuitical religious training made her superstitious, and she was in utter terror of an unsanctified death upon the road; her mind was not of the strongest, and she alternately reproached and caressed me. Her fierceness and her fondness were equally trying under the circumstances, and my feeling toward her was changing, in spite of myself, from love to pity, and from pity still further away from love.

We reached the town at last in safety. The earth was still vibrating when day broke, with frequent strong shocks. How changed was the face of the hills where our villa had stood! There was a pile of ruins in its place now, and the great trees which had stood around it were bent and pitched together at sixes and sevens.

We procured a boat, and put off for the *Tuscahatchie*. Captain Sherman would receive us with open arms. We had nearly reached her sides when the severest shock of the whole earthquake visited the doomed island. We saw from where we sat in the boat an immense tract of the ridge of rock above our estate slide down and sweep all before it, and an arid waste of stones silently, but relentlessly, take the place of the fertile green groves on the hill-side.

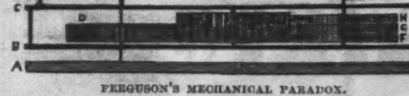
So my suddenly acquired wealth in the West Indies went more quickly than it came. No, I beg pardon, there yet remains to me Madame Barca (for she returns to her widow-name here in Washington, for convenience in making her claims) and our eternal suit against the United States Government. Yes, Madame Barca is a treasure, to be sure, though I don't see much of her nowadays. At all events she is a favorite with all the public men at the Capital, from Mr. Seward down to the local of the *National Intelligencer*. The fact is, we have learned the ropes so thoroughly in pushing our suit that we have both taken to lobbying for a livelihood, and it supports us very handsomely while the St. Thomas business is waiting adjustment. Madame has rooms of her own at Willard's, and is happy enough in combining the life-long and never-ending, if not lucrative, business of lobbying with her old pastime of flirting. As for me, well—the Earthquake turned my life wrong side out and upside down.

FERGUSON'S "MECHANICAL PARADOX."

The remarkable history of James Ferguson is, of course, familiar to most of our readers. Those not acquainted with the strange story of how he taught himself to read books at seven, the heavens at fifteen, and art at nineteen, will find it fully detailed in Mayhew's "Life of Ferguson" and Smiles's "Self Help," both published by Harper & Brothers.

It appears by a letter of Ferguson's, hitherto little known, that one of his most famous inventions—the Mechanical Paradox—was constructed for the singular purpose of proving to a skeptical watch-maker the existence of the Trinity. The letter, which is dated London, April 10, 1776, is curiously illustrative of Ferguson's habits of thought and expression, and is all the more interesting from this fact. It is as follows:

> "One evening I went to a weekly club with a friend; and on our entering the room (or very soon after) a watch-maker began to hold forth violently against a Trinity of Persons in the Godhead, wondering at the impudence of the person who broached such an absurd doctrine, and at the weakness and folly of every one who believed it. I happened to sit just opposite to him, and the table between us, and (you may believe) plenty of wine and punch upon it. I gave him a severe frowning look, on which he asked me my opinion concerning the Trinity. I told him that all my belief thereof depended upon the opinion I had of the sure knowledge and veracity of the Revealer; but that I did not think it was a proper thing to be talked of over our bottles, bowls, and glasses, and should, therefore, be desirous of talking to him about his own business.
>
> "'Very well,' said he, 'let us talk about it.'
>
> "'Sir,' said I, 'I believe you know very well how one wheel must turn another, or how a pinion must turn a wheel, or a wheel a pinion?'
>
> "'I hope I do,' said he.
>
> "'Then,' said I, 'suppose you make one wheel as thick as other three, and cut teeth in them all, and then put the three thin wheels all loose upon one axis, and set the thick wheel to them, so that its teeth may take into those of the three thin ones; now turn the thick wheel round; how must it turn the others?'
>
> "Says he, 'Your question is almost an affront to common-sense; for every one who knows any thing of the matter must know that, turn the thick wheel which way you will, all the other three must be turned the contrary way by it.'
>
> "'Sir,' says I, 'I believe you think so.'
>
> "'Think!' says he; 'it is beyond a thought—it is demonstration that they must.'
>
> "'Sir,' said I, 'I would not have you be too sure, lest you possibly be mistaken. And now, what would you say if I should say that, turn the thick wheel which way you will, it shall turn one of the thin wheels *the same way*, the other *the contrary way*, and the third *no way at all?*'
>
> "Says he, 'I would say that there never was any thing proposed that could be more absurd, as being not only above our reason, but contrary thereto, and also to plain fact.'
>
> "'Very well,' says I. 'Now, Sir, is there any thing in your ideas more absurd about the received doctrine of the Trinity than in this proposition of mine?'
>
> "'There is not,' said he; 'and if I could believe the one, I should believe the other too.'
>
> "'Gentlemen,' said I (looking at the company), 'you hear this—bear witness to it.'
>
> "The watch-maker asked me whether I had ever made or seen such a machine. I told him that I had not, but I believed that I could make it, although I had never thought of it till that instant.
>
> "'Your head must be wrong,' he replied; 'for no man on earth could do such a thing.'
>
> "'Sir,' said I, 'be my head right or wrong, I believe I can not only do it, but even be able to show the machine, if I may be admitted into this company, on this day se'nnight.'
>
> "The company, who, with serious faces, were very attentive to all this, requested that I would come.



FERGUSON'S MECHANICAL PARADOX.

> "So I made the machine—all of wood—and carried it (under my coat) to the same room on the day appointed; and there was the watch-maker.
>
> "'Well, old friend,' says he, 'have you made your machine?'
>
> "'Yes, Sir,' said I, 'and there it is: let us take it to pieces. Are these wheels fairly toothed and fairly pitched into the thick wheel?'
>
> "'Yes, they are,' said he.
>
> "I then turned round the great wheel, whose teeth took into those of the three thin wheels, and asked him whether the uppermost thin wheel did not turn *the same way* as the one did that turned it, whether the next wheel below did not turn *the contrary way*, and the lowest thin wheel *no way at all*.
>
> "'They do,' said he, 'and there is a fallacy in the machine.'
>
> "'Sir,' said I, 'do you detect the fallacy, and expose it to the company.'
>
> "He looked a long while at it, took it several times to pieces, and put it together again.
>
> "'Sir,' said I, 'is there any fallacy in the machine?'
>
> "'I confess,' said he, 'I see none.'
>
> "'There is none,' said I.
>
> "'How is it, then, that the three thin wheels should be so differently affected? The thing is not only above all reason, but is even contrary to all mechanical principles.'
>
> "'For shame, Sir!' said I: 'ask me not how it is; for it is a simpler machine than any clock or watch that you ever made or mended; and if you may be so easily nonplused by so simple a thing in your own way of business, no wonder you should be so about the Trinity; but learn from this not, for the future, to reckon *every* thing absurd and impossible that you can not comprehend. But now I hope you remember what you said at our last meeting here—namely, that if you could believe such a thing as this, you would then believe the doctrine of the Trinity. You own the truth of the machine; what do you say to your promise?'
>
> "He humm'd and ha'd, and asked me whether I would let him take it home to consider it. I told him he might, but desired he would bring it to me to-morrow morning. He promised he would, and did so; but gave it me with some hearty curses, telling me he saw it was true, but did not understand it, and wanted me to explain it to him, which I refused. I kept it for six years without finding any person who could explain the principles on which it acted, and then put the sun and earth with ecliptic and moon's orbit to it, seeing it would then be a kind of orrery, and published the description."

As a model of the "Mechanical Paradox" may readily be constructed by any one out of a few pieces of soft wood, with the aid of a pocket-knife and pair of compasses, we shall give a short account of the parts which may be sketched on paper and reproduced easily.

The machine consists of two pieces of thin wood, B, C, made into a frame by being joined at the corners. This frame, by the use of a handle, *n*, may be turned round an axle, *a*, which pierces the frame, and is fixed in a stationary board or table, A, and carries within the frame an immovable wheel. This first wheel, which we shall call D, when the frame is made to revolve, turns a second and thick wheel, E, which, like the remaining three wheels, F, G, and H, moves freely on its axis. F, G, and H, are the three thin wheels driven by the thick wheel, E, and in such a manner, when the frame revolves rapidly, that the uppermost one, H, turns the same way as E does; the second wheel, G, turns the contrary way; and the lowest wheel, F, turns no way at all. This curious result may be made more apparent by attaching wire brackets, *f*, *g*, *h*, to tubes fixed in the respective wheels, F, G, and H.

In making the machine of pieces of wood or lead, the wheels may be all of the same diameter; D, E, and F may (D and F must) have an equal number of teeth. G, however, must have at least one tooth less, and H one tooth more, than the fixed wheel D, as in the original model. They may, however, have two or three teeth less and more respectively than D, and this will increase the difference in their forward and retrograde motions.

THE STORY OF GUSTAVE DORE.

In the present French school of painting, Gustave Doré occupies a high rank and a peculiar position. He has had no master; he belongs to no school; he makes his own path. His training, too, has been rather remarkable. He was born in Strasburg in 1832, where his father was appointed State engineer. He had scarcely reached his tenth year when his yearning for art manifested itself irresistibly. He drew in his copy-books, in his school-books, on envelopes, and no sheet of paper was safe from his pencil. The little Doré had but one wish, and this wish would allow him no rest. He wished to go to Paris, and there devote himself to painting. His father, however, who was deeply interested in the welfare of his son, and who saw no certain means of existence for him in the career of an artist, endeavored to divert him from his idea, and even to excite doubt in him as to his talents. But Doré was not to be intimidated, and when his father determined to take him to Paris during his holidays, the boy concealed a thick packet of drawings in his box, and having arrived at the capital, he repaired, without saying a word to his father, to Charles Philipon, and, placing his productions before him, requested him candidly to give him his opinion.

Charles Philipon was a man of quick mind and rare warmth of heart. It was he who introduced political caricatures into France. At the beginning of the July Government he had established a witty paper called *La Caricature*, which in the course of a year entailed on him no less than fifty-four political processes. When this paper was stopped by the September laws, he established the *Charivari*, and subsequently a long series of other witty papers, some of which still exist. His fame had reached the young Doré. Philipon, who was pleased with Doré's open, free manner, gave great attention to his numerous productions, and found in them naturally all the faults of a boy working without direction, but at the same time he admired the rich imagination they evidenced, and a rare acuteness of observation, rare even among more mature artists. He did not spare his blame, but praise predominated in his verdict. Doré returned triumphantly to his father, and made him at once acquainted with his interview with Philipon. His father was astonished, and repaired immediately with his son to Philipon. The latter repeated his verdict upon the young artist, and concluded with these words: "Your son is born for art, and if you repress the artist spirit within him, he will only bungle through any other career, and never achieve any thing. The saying, 'Art doesn't pay,' is not always a true one. There are artists who gain much money, as well as fame, and I am much mistaken if your Gustave does not some day belong to these successful artists. He is already able to support himself by his talent; and if he likes to work for my paper, I shall be glad to have him."

These words decided Doré's father to yield to his son's wish, upon condition, however, that he should yet spend two years in a school at Paris. Doré was accordingly placed in the Collége Charlemagne, where he in nowise belonged to the worst scholars, though he drew much by stealth. At the age of fifteen he left the school-bench, and appeared as an independent artist, whose works were received with pleasure. When the February revolution broke out he drew numerous caricatures for comic journals, and surprised the public by the great number, as well as by the originality, of his works. This surprise is not diminished. Doré has now begun to illustrate different works with a rapidity bordering on the marvelous.

Doré has already drawn more than twenty thousand illustrations. Such power of work alone is sufficient to excite admiration. The productive author can scarcely write quicker than Doré sketches his illustrations. His appearance is very attractive. He looks like a youth of twenty-four, who, with bright, happy eye, is gazing forward into the world. He possesses unusual strength of body, which is doubtless to be traced to his great fondness for gymnastic exercises. Few can compete with Doré in social talents. He talks well; he sings admirably; he plays the violin, if not perhaps with professional skill, yet with great understanding; and he is a clever conjuror, rarely failing in a trick. He possesses a wonderful capacity for work. His imagination blindly obeys his iron will, which is deterred by no difficulties. When the wish occurred to him to learn English he took an English grammar and dictionary to bed with him every night, and in a few months he read the *Times*, and could make himself intelligible to every Englishman. At this moment he is engaged in a series of paintings, in which he is representing some of Shakspeare's most powerful scenes.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The Largest Mouthful in the World—The Bight of Benin.

Tonic for the Insolent—Sarcy-parilla.

A "Cool Request"—"Please pass the ice!"

BABY POETRY.

Written during the July heated term.

Dood mornin, daddy,
  How do oo do?
Radder hot wedder
  I sink, dont oo?

'Momter up to 90,
  Makes a fellow sweat,
Hope it'll get cooler,
  Aint done it yet.

How's all the fotes,
  Untles, aunts, and tozzens?
Hope em's all well.
  (Got em—by de dozens.)

Mammy says Ise fat,
  Toodent be much fatter
(Mighty sure o' dat),
  And dats whats de matter.

Des I'll have to stop,
  Ditten rasser lazy,
'Fraid my baby talk
  Make old daddy crazy.

Tell you what you do—
  Dont oo say oo cant,
Take me out November next,
  I doin to vote for Drant!

A witness in court who had been cautioned to give a precise answer to every question, and not talk about what he might think the question meant, was interrogated as follows:

"You drive a wagon?"

"No, Sir, I do not."

"Why, man, did you not tell my learned friend so this moment?"

"No, Sir, I did not."

"Now, Sir, I put it to you on your oath, do you not drive a wagon?"

"No, Sir."

"What is your occupation, then?"

"I drive a horse, Sir."

"Cure for Love."—Take of spirits of resolution, 14 ounces; sirup of good advice, 12 ounces; oil of absence, 2 ounces; powder of disdain, 4 ounces; extract of don't-care-a-tiveness, *quantum suf.* Put these ingredients into a sauce-pan of sound reason, with a handful of heart's-ease, stir it up with a quantity of thyme, and strain it through a box of patience. A small portion of this mixture to be taken daily.

Second remedy.—See your sweet-heart before breakfast three mornings in succession.

"Ma, if I should die and go to heaven should I wear my moire-antique dress?"

"No, my love; we can scarcely suppose we shall wear the attire of this world in the next."

"Then tell me, ma, how the angels would know I belonged to the best society?"

Two preachers were on the same platform. One of them, who was preaching, happened to say: "When Abraham built the ark—" The other, who was behind, ventured to correct his blunder by saying: "Abraham warn't there." But the speaker pushed on, and only took occasion shortly to repeat still more decidedly: "I say, when Abraham built the ark—" "And I say," cried the other, "Abraham warn't there!" The preacher was not to be put down in that way; so, addressing the people, he exclaimed, with great emphasis: "I say, Abraham was thar, or tharabouts!"

"I am afraid you have settled melancholy," said a landlady to a cadaverous lodger. "No, Madam," he replied; "my melancholy won't settle; like your coffee, it has too much grounds."

Prompt Reply.—"Why did Adam bite the apple?" said a schoolmaster to a country lad.—"Because he had no knife," said the urchin.

"Hiram," said an Eastern farmer to his hired man, who was working in the field, "it looks as if it might rain. S'pose you leave off work, and go play dig cellar."

"Is a man and his wife both one?" asked the wife of a certain gentleman, in a state of stupefaction as she was holding his aching head in both her hands.

"Yes, I suppose so," was the reply.

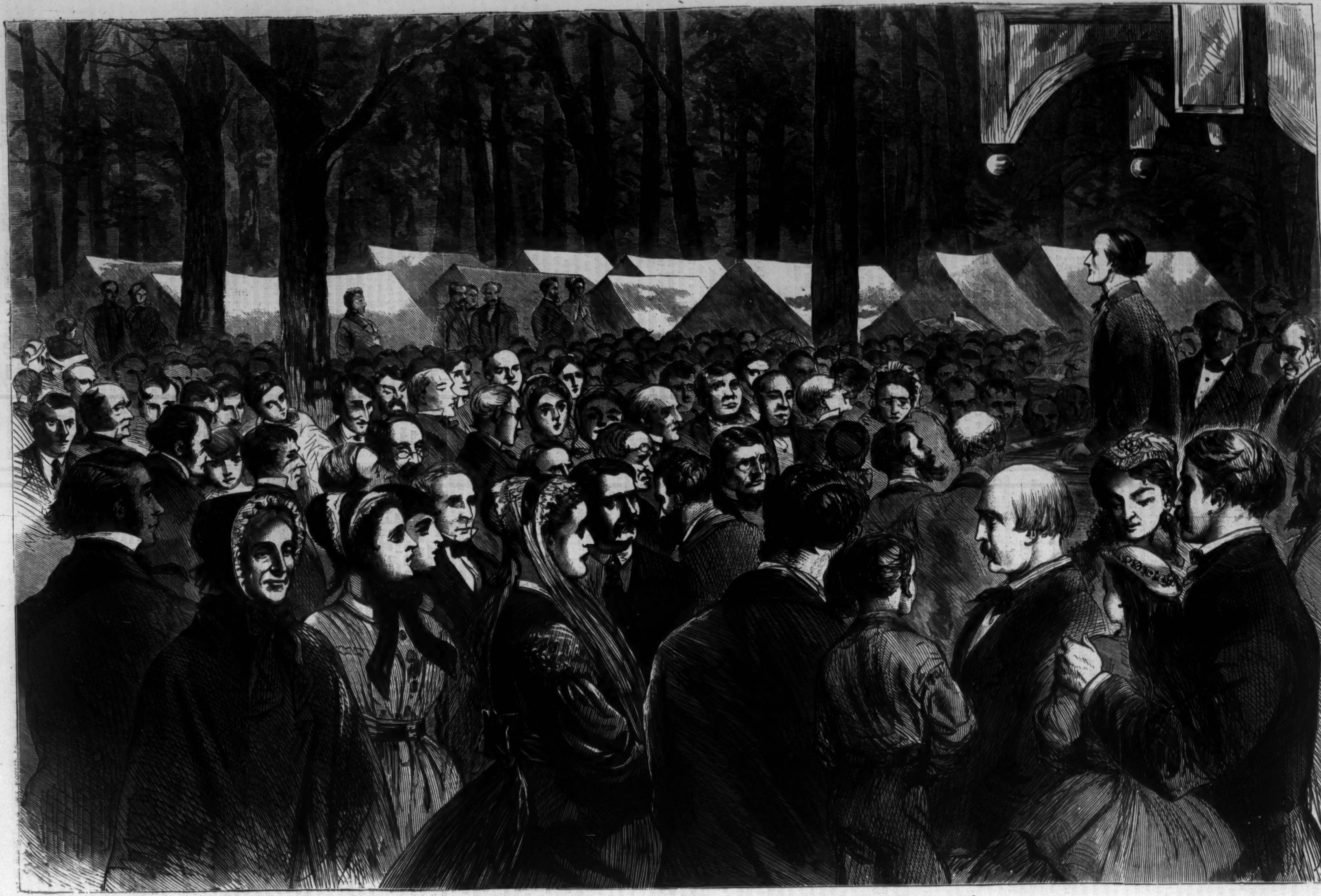
"Well, then," she said, "I came home drunk last night, and ought to be ashamed of myself."

This back-handed rebuke from a long-suffering and loving wife effectually cured him of his drinking propensities.

The young man who offered for publication a poem commencing with the following stanzas should be informed that he renders himself liable to prosecution for illegal distillation:

"Oh, come, dearest, come, for love's nectarine wine
Bubbles up from my soul to o'erflow into thine,
And no succulent grape which the Rhine zephyrs kiss
Imprisons such dulcet elixir as this.

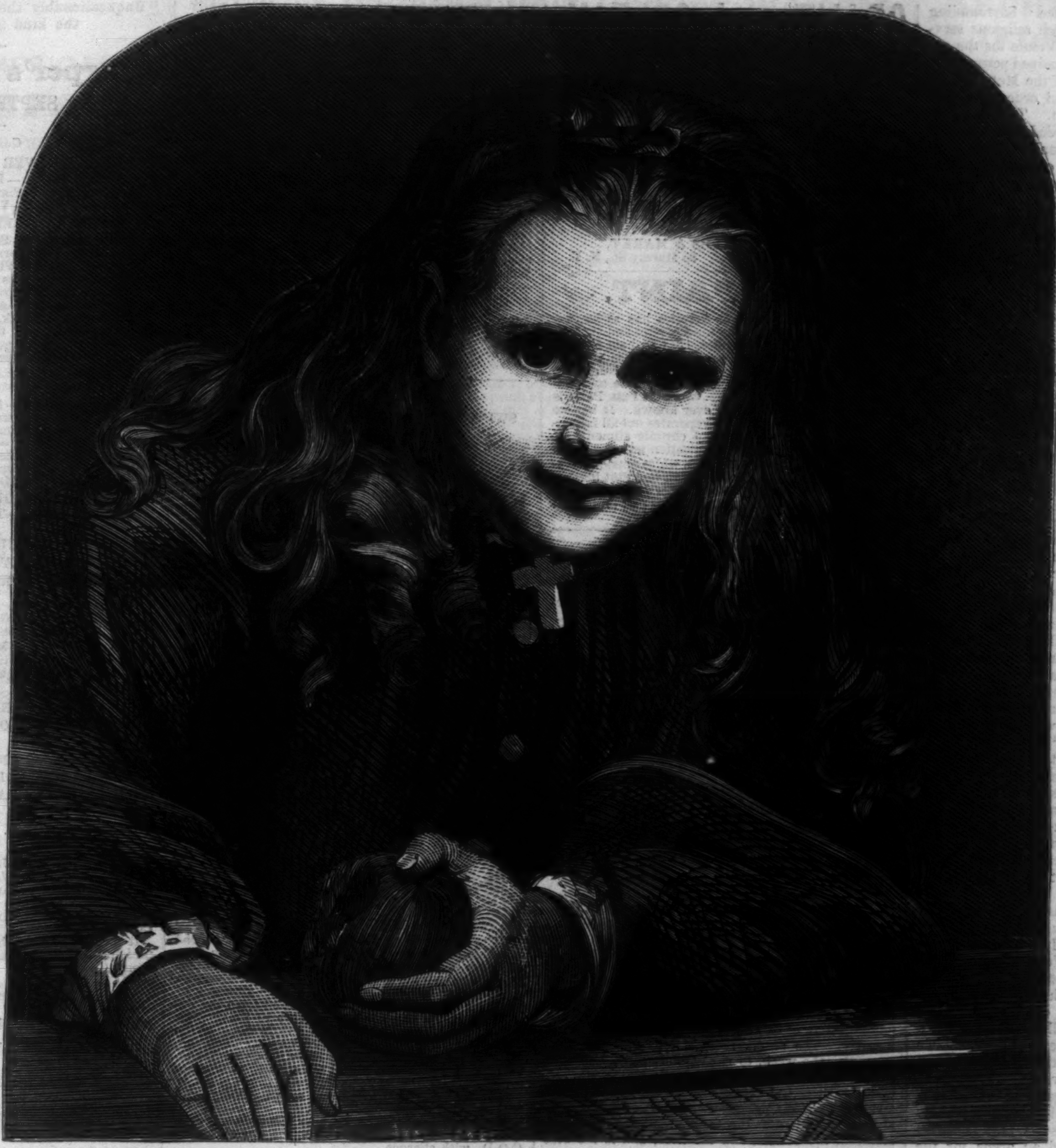
"Then fly, and your passionate soul shall be filled
With this delicate juice from my spirit distilled;
You may drink till the founts of my being are dry;
Till you reel with delight! Oh! then—fly to me—fly!"



METHODIST CAMP-MEETING AT SING SING, NEW YORK.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 557.]

"FUN OR MISCHIEF?"

WE reproduce on this page one of J. SANT'S contributions to the exhibition of works of Art at Leeds, England. The original is painted with that freedom of style and power of rendering character for which Mr. SANT is celebrated, and the engravers have done full justice to the artist's work. It is the face, full of fun or frolic, of one of those merry, lovely children with whom the world is so plentifully blest, and the arch expression of the lovely features form a most pleasant study.



"FUN OR MISCHIEF?"—[FROM THE PAINTING BY J. SANT.]

THE "HENRY TROWBRIDGE."

THE wrecking of the bark *Henry Trowbridge*, on August 5, off Neversink is at once one of the most singular and disastrous of marine casualties which we have lately been called upon to relate and illustrate.

The vessel left New York on August 4 with a crew of 10 seamen and officers, and under command of Captain F. HOTCHKISS. The wife and two children of the Captain were aboard. The freight consisted of fifty horses, forty sheep, twenty-four mules, and the rest of staves, all consigned to Barbadoes.

On the 5th instant, when off Neversink, hardly well out of New York Bay, the bark shipped a heavy sea, which shifted the deck load, causing the vessel to careen and become not only unmanageable, but completely at the mercy of the heavy sea which was rolling at the time. Her foremast was snapped off about five feet above the deck, and every thing movable seemed to have been washed overboard. Four of the seamen were in the hold at the time, and were instantly drowned; one while lying in his bunk, another while sitting on his trunk, and in these positions their bodies were found when the water was pumped out of the hold.

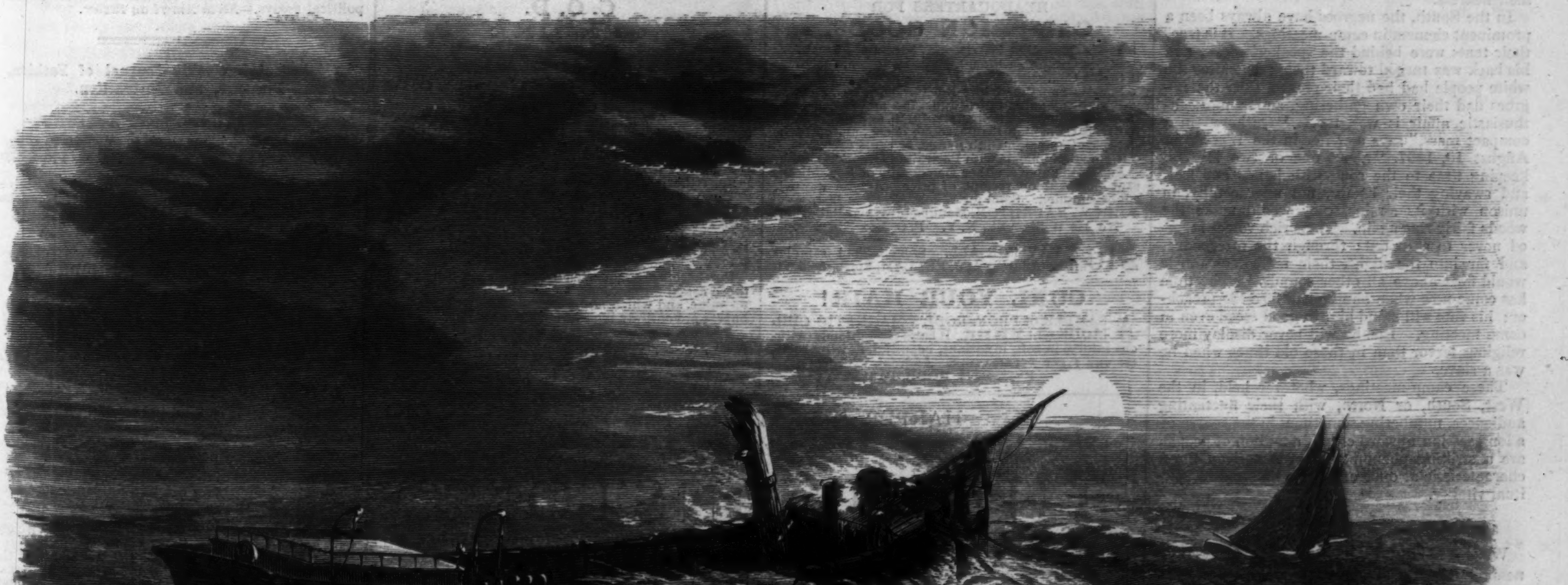
Captain HOTCHKISS, wife and children, the mates, cook, and two seamen were on deck at the time of the squall, and succeeded in launching a boat, but one of the children of the Captain was unfortunately lost in the transfer to the boat. The others outrode the gale in the frail boat, being blown out to sea, but eventually reaching Halifax in safety.

The wreck was found on the 6th instant by the pilot boat *Nettle*, and towed into this port. Our artist has sketched the wreck as it appeared drifting at sea when discovered by the pilot-boat. Since it was moored in the East River it has been visited by thousands of curious persons.

THE SING SING CAMP-MEETING.

ONE of the largest camp-meetings ever held by the Methodists in this country was that at Sing Sing, closing on Thursday, August 13, after a week's session. The grove in which the meeting was held is situated on the summit of a lofty hill about a mile and a half from the railroad. The approach to this eminence by the pedestrian is strikingly typical of BUNYAN'S "Pilgrim's Progress"—at least so far as its difficulties are concerned, being very steep and rough, and abounding in pitfalls. From the summit a beautiful prospect is afforded of the surrounding country.

Here, upon this romantic Zion, were seating accommodations for 3000 people, but on some days the attendance was over 5000. It is said that every Methodist church in New York, and nearly every one in Brooklyn, besides a host of others, were



WRECK OF THE BARK "HENRY TROWBRIDGE."

represented in this vast audience. Surrounding the circular open space in which religious services were held were nearly 400 tents for the accommodation of those who remained permanently on the ground. A squad of the Metropolitan Police was at hand, and good order was preserved throughout the session. The steamers and railway trains were crowded daily, and at the dépôt and wharf one would have almost thought himself in New York city, so great was the crowd and so numerous and persistent the hackmen.

The characteristic features of this religious gathering have been admirably seized by our artist in the illustration which we publish on another page. It is a picture which invites study.

Among the reverend gentlemen present we may mention Mr. Kirk, of Brooklyn, who preached the opening sermon; Mr. Hedstorm, of the Bethel ship; Mr. C. D. Foss, J. S. Inskip, J. M'Allister, and D. S. Brown, of New York; W. H. Boole, of Brooklyn, and Dr. Bowman, of South Carolina. Mr. Chauncey Shaeffer, the well-known and eloquent member of the New York Bar, took a very active part in the religious exercises.

The final day of the session was the most interesting. In the morning the *Agape*, or Love Feast, was celebrated. Within the space of an hour and a half 381 persons spoke, each one for the most part confining himself to the quotation of some appropriate text of Scripture, or of some stanza from the Methodist hymn-book. A woman aged 82, who had been converted during the session, spoke at considerable length, and very effectively. One of the most interesting features of the day was Dr. Bowman's address. He was very much affected, and was moved even to tears when he spoke of leaving his Northern brethren. The Rev. Mr. Inskip turned around and took the Doctor in his arms, embracing him with fervor. The audience was much moved; some wept, and many said, "That's the sort of reconstruction we want." It shows how these gatherings conduce to the growth of Christian charity. This charity overleaps even sectional differences. The Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jun., and Henry Ward Beecher—the one an Episcopalian and the other a Congregationalist—were both invited to deliver discourses, though neither was able to do so on account of accidental circumstances.

The camp-meeting has ceased to be a novelty in this country, and the prejudices once existing against it exist no longer. It was originally an outgrowth of our primitive Western life. When churches were few and far between, the religious service in a grove supplied the spiritual necessities of an immense number of people. These camp-meetings were, and still continue to be, a civilizing influence; and they conduce, as we have shown, to the cultivation of the widest Christian charity and fellowship. They have called forth some of the finest displays of oratorical power. The great Methodist preachers—the M'Gees, Bascom, Fisk, Olin, Durbin, and others—have here found an arena for the most splendid display of pulpit oratory, and have produced the most wondrous effects upon their hearers.

In the South, the negroes have always been a prominent element in camp-meetings. It is true, their tents were behind the speaker's desk, and his back was turned toward them; but after the white people had had their preach, then the negroes had their own gathering, and a most enthusiastic affair it was, too. "Gathered in a compact mass," says a writer in the *Weekly* for August 10, 1867, "about one or two leaders, keeping time to the song with hands and feet, and swaying their bodies, not ungracefully, in unison with its strains, they would make the woods fairly ring again. Their rich voices seemed never to wear out; through the afternoons, and far into the night, their melodious music would float above all other sounds." The time has come now when Sambo can face the preacher; his vote will stand him in good stead even in camp-meeting. But he will never display more religious fervor than in those old times when he was a slave.

These camp-meetings, wherever held, in the West, South, or North, with their fluctuating audiences, numbering sometimes in the course of a long session upward of half a million of people, are a striking phenomenon of American life—characteristic at once of its freedom and its spiritual vitality.

Well deserved Honors.—Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales has appointed Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson "Sewing Machine Manufacturers to Her Royal Highness," the only honor of the kind ever conferred upon a sewing machine house.—[*Express.*]

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TRAVELING IN SIBERIA.
Illustrations.—Stratensk, Shilka River, Eastern Siberia.—A Tarantass.—Getting out of Difficulty.—A Bouriat Village.—Crossing the Selenga.—Finding Lodgings at Kiachta.—Theatre at Maimachin.—The Tiger.—A View in Irkutsk, Eastern Siberia.—The Author, with Compliments.—Farewell to Irkutsk.—A Vashok.—My Kazan Kibitka.—Valley of the Yenesei, Krasnoyarsk.—Changing Horses at a Siberian Station.—Lost in a Snow-Storm.—The Boundary.
THE UNWELCOME GUESTS OF INSECTS.—(*First Paper.*)
Illustrations.—Sphinx Ligustri.—Cocoon of Attacus Prometheus.—Pupa of Same.—Cocoon and Larvæ.—Cocoon packed.—Ichneumon laying.—Pupa of Sphinx.—Larva of Ichneumon.—Pupa opened.—Chrysalis.—Caterpillar.—Caterpillar and Larva.—Cocoons.—Parasite laying.—Allotria and Aphis.—The Mad Apple.
THE LAST YEARS OF KOSCIUSZKO.
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